£1,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE.

SAILING UNDER THE SEA.

See page 653.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST. TO ELEVATE. TO AMUSE.

£100 Insurance FOR Cyclists

See page

Vol. I.—No. 41. WEEK ENDING MAY 2, 1891. [PRICE ONE PE

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"I feel that I ought to tell you what great benefit I have received from taking 'Cl Blood Mixture.' Since two or three years old I have suffered much with Eczem especially shortly after my arrival in England four years ago, when I came American for my health, being very weak. Directly I began to grow stronger troubled more than ever with my old complaint. Being persuaded to try Mixture I took twelve bottles, and am glad to say it has cured me. I have symptoms, which proved most efficacious in stopping the irritation.

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Sold in Bottles, 2s. 9d. each, and in cases containing six times the quantity, 11s.—sufficient to effec permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases. By all CHEMISTS and PATENT ME VENDORS throughout the world, or sent to any address on receipt of 33 or 132 in stamps by the Proprietors LINCOLN and MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN. TRADE MARK—"BLOOD MIXT

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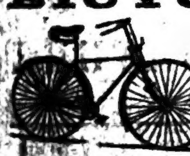

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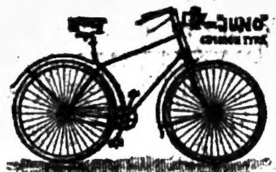

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Foremen, Timekeepers, and others should write to the CITY OF LONDON WATCH CLUB CO. for their new Price List. 1,600 Illustrations. Best Terms. Grand Value.

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THE SWEET PAR EXCELLENCE.

Devona, The most delicious Sweetmeat. Made from Fresh Devonshire Clotted Cream. Sold in Penny Packets by Grocers and Confectioners everywhere. Manufactory, 100, [illegible] St., London, W.

GIVEN AWAY with every 6d. and 1s. bottle of CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK requiring no heating. A Voucher entitling Purchasers to their Name or Monogram Rubber Stamp for Marking Linen or Paper. Awarded [illegible] Medals, Diplomas, and Royal Appointments. Caution: The Original and Genuine has the Trade-Mark "Crystal Palace." Refuse all fraudulent imitations. Works, 75, Southgate Road, London, N. Your Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil Case, name in Rubber, 7½d. Post free.

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Write direct for Patterns of Scotch Tweeds for Gentlemen's Suitings, also Clan Tartans and Home Spun Costume Cloths for Ladies' Dresses, in the Newest and most Fashionable Styles, [illegible], Blankets, &c., manufactured by CURRIE, M'DOUGALL & SCOTT, Langhaugh Mills, Galashiels, N.B., *and thereby save two intermediate profits at least.*

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"Up-to-Dick" [illegible] Knight and Co., Manufacturing Chemists, Portsmouth. [illegible] post free. [illegible] receive present value One Shilling. KNIGHT AND CO., MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS, PORTSMOUTH.

SMOKERS! DON'T BUY PIPES before seeing the "Medical Patent." Illustrated particulars post free. PATENTEE, 52, Colston Hill, Bristol.

OLD SHIRTS REFITTED, Fine Irish Linen, 2s., or very best Irish Linen, returned free, ready to wear, 2s. 6d. Sample Shirt, any size, post free, 3s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 9d., or 6s. 9d. Twilled Night Shirts, 3s. 11d., 5s. 9d., 4s. 9d., or 5s. 9d. French Print Shirts, with 2 Collars, newest designs, from 3s. 6d. Better qualities equally cheap. LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS. Best 4-fold Collars, 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. dozen; made exact to pattern, 2s. 9d. half-dozen, post free.

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B. & E. M'HUGH & CO., LTD., BELFAST.

SURE CURE FOR CORNS. All persons troubled with Corns should write at once for a bottle of JONES' CORN SOLVENT, Post Free 1s. *Money returned if not genuine.* JONES, 68, Weedington Road, Kentish Town, N.W.

£65 COMPETITION £65

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ALL CAN TAKE PART IN IT.

I will give £65 to those sending Correct Solutions of all or some of the following TOWNS, which have their letters transposed.

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Those sending Three Solutions will take 4th share of Prize. Those sending Four Solutions will take 3rd share of Prize. Those sending Five Solutions will take 2nd share of Prize. Those sending Solutions to All will take 1st share of Prize.

NOTE.—Should none succeed in sending solutions to all, then those sending most (no matter how few it may be) will take First Prize, and so on in proportion.

£5 for those sending 3 solutions. £10 for those sending 4 solutions. £20 for those sending 5 solutions. £30 for those sending 6 solutions.

NOTE.—There is no guessing *All the Towns are well-known. Three in England, One in Ireland, One in Scotland, and One in Wales.*

Send your Solutions, with 1s. 6d. Postal Order and stamped addressed envelope for result and prize, to

STUART LANCASTER, Wellingborough, Northants.

BANKERS:—NORTHAMPTONSHIRE UNION BANK.

Competition Closes May 12th, 1891. All Prizes May 18th.

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PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

VOL. I.—No. 41.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MAY 2, 1891. ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ENCORE! ENCORE!

"ENCORE! encore!"
Though the danger's past,
And the woman is safe
On her feet at last—
Though the ropes are swinging
High over the net,
Are swinging and clinging
And trembling yet,
So near to the gas
And its dazzling light,
Right over the mass
At a terrible height—
The people are calling
Their sickly refrain;
The leap was appalling—
They'll have it again!
When once they see danger
They're bound to want more!
"Encore! encore!
Encore! encore!"

"Encore! encore!"
She has heard the cry,
And she's climbing once more
To the platform high,
So near the gas
And its dazzling light,
Right over the mass,
At a terrible height!
From bar to rope,
From rope to bar,
Filled with the hope
That the end's not far,
She's swinging and clinging,
Not daring to pause,
While the people are singing
Their song of applause!

There's a gasping for breath
In the poisonous air,
A warning of death,
And a look of despair.
There's a cry near the roof,
Then a thud on the floor!
And the people go silently
Out at the door—
Go silently shrinking
Away from the hall,
Not speaking, but thinking
Of somebody's fall—
Of a woman who died
In response to the roar,
"Encore! encore!
Encore! encore!"

THE WANDERING SHEEP OF SPAIN.

MERINO, the important dress material, is the wool of a breed of sheep till lately peculiar to Spain, but now reared also in Saxony, Australia, North America, and elsewhere. "Unquestionably," says John James, the historian of the woollen trade, "this variety of sheep sprang from the English flock which Edward III. permitted to be exported to Spain, where, by assiduous care and crossing, the fleece has since become the finest in its staple of any in the world."

In Spain the merino sheep have the whole of that kingdom for their pasturage. They spend the summer generally in the pastures of the Pyrenees, and, as winter draws near, migrate to the plains in the southern provinces, accomplishing in doing so a journey of about 400 miles. They travel in vast flocks, under the care of shepherds and dogs, with a shepherd-in-chief at their head, who is or was known till recently as the "merino," or "overseer of the pasture-land."

The name of the principal Spanish shepherd, who holds a very respectable civic position in the society of his own country, has for a long time been bestowed on all the races of sheep, wherever reared, which possess in common the same characteristics, especially that one connected with the production of fine-stapled wool of high quality.

"THE END OF THE WORLD."

THAT within an hour's railway travel from London there should live a town full of people who, until a year ago, had never seen a train, is somewhat singular. At places remote from the metropolis, or other great centres of activity, such survivals from the ante-Stephenson period might be expected. But Burnham-on-Crouch is only just forty-three miles from the Great Eastern terminus at Liverpool Street.

It has more than 2,000 inhabitants. For years and years, however, Burnhamites have been content to stay at home; and they have received no visitors, so to speak. Artists and yachtsmen have dropped in at rare intervals. They have left it to the railway to discover Burnham-on-Crouch for the average man. Nevertheless, the town has, in one respect, been for many years keenly in touch with modern civilisation. As the natural home of the native oyster—not to speak of multitudinous whitebait—the Crouch, and also the Roach, an adjacent river, ought to be regarded as classic streams by epicureans.

This thriving corner of Essex is locally known as "The End of the World." It is really a quiet resting-place. Nothing seems invented thereabouts; everything has grown. On all sides are hints and memorials of an older England. Countrymen may be met upon the road, after work is over, trudging homeward with their arms round each other's neck; and as one sees them the mind flies back to the Court fashion of centuries ago.

A DOLL TO PAWN.

PAWNBROKERS see strange sights of all kinds, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." A French paper reports this touching case. A little girl enters the pawnshop with something wrapped in a handkerchief. She takes a seat until her turn comes, and then approaches the counter and lays down her parcel. The shopman proceeds to open it in his usual indifferent manner, but his curiosity is suddenly aroused on finding the contents to be a doll!

"Now, my little dear," he asks, "what do you want me to do with this?"

The girl replies: "Father is ill, and mother is crying because she has no money to buy him physic; so I thought I would bring you my doll and ask you to lend me something on it."

The shopman reflects for a moment, looks at the child, then goes into the rear room where the pledges are examined, comes back again, and returns the doll to the little girl, with something wrapped up in paper.

"Five francs on a doll," he cries out to the clerk, and then goes on to the next pledge. This story is guaranteed as authentic.

A CAT'S EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.

IN the latter part of 1880, when the Washington monument (U.S.A.) had reached a height of 160 feet, an adventurous and patriotic cat ascended the interior of the shaft by means of the ropes and tubing. When the workmen arrived at the upper landing the next morning and began to prepare for the day's work pussy took fright, and, springing to the outer edge, took a "header" of 160 feet to the hard earth below. In the descent, which was watched closely by two score of men, the cat spread herself out like a flying squirrel, and alighted on all fours.

After turning over on the ground a few times in a dazed manner she prepared to leave the grounds, and had got just beyond the shadow of the monument when a dog belonging to one of the workmen pounced upon her and killed her, she, of course, not being in the best running trim after performing such an extraordinary feat. One of the men procured the body of the dead feline, smoothed out her silky coat, and turned the remains over to a representative of the Smithsonian Institution, who mounted the skin and placed it under a glass case. The label on the case tells this wonderful story in a few words: "This cat, on September 23, 1880, jumped from the top of Washington's monument and lived."

SERVANT: "If you please, sir, I should like a day off."

Master: "A day! So soon again! What for?"

Servant: "Well, I am going to be married to-morrow, and I shall have to be there!"

AN incautious American traveller was exploring certain parts of Polynesia. The natives, not being acquainted with white men, killed, cooked, and ate him—not from cruelty, but just to see what kind of an animal he was.

"I don't mind his being killed," said the friend of his bosom, commenting afterwards on the incident; "but I hate to think of his being fooled away over a blessed experiment."

ONE Sunday morning a young fellow went to church and took his seat, keeping his hat on all the while. A gentleman who was sitting near him politely asked him to take his hat off, but the young man paid no attention. Again he spoke to him, and seeing that he still hesitated, the gentleman quietly lifted his hat off, when, much to his dismay, out rolled a quart of walnuts, making a great noise as they scattered about the floor. On this the youth turned round to the gentleman, and said:

"Now you see what you have done."

CAPITAL stories are told of the different varieties of provincial reporters, especially of those of the old school, which is now, happily, passing away. There is the frightfully eager reporter, who is always on duty, never forgetting his mission. A worthy of this class was aroused from his slumbers one night by a disturbance on his door-step. His alarmed spouse compelled him to descend and see what the matter was, and, on opening the door, he discovered a man stretched across the threshold in a fit.

"Mary, Mary!" cried he to his better half, "bring my note-book and a candle directly; here's a paragraph come to the door."

THE following extract from the instructions of the Council of the Chinese Empire to the general commanding their armies in the recent troubles with the French has never been published in this country:—"Take notice of this in particular. You have to deal with a people who wear breeches so tight that, when once the soldiers fall, they cannot get up by themselves. Your first endeavours must be to throw them down. Paint your faces as fantastically as possible; and, when you approach the enemy, shout out, and make the most hideous faces and grimaces possible, to frighten them and make them tumble down. Once prostrate, they are at your mercy."

MATTIE is a devoted retainer of her big brother Henry. The latter is frequently in trouble, brought about by his carelessness. His father, going into the wine-cellar, found three bottles of choice wine broken. Meeting Henry soon afterwards, the irate parent accosted him with,

"That's some of your work, Master Henry. Oh, you needn't look so innocent, you know you did it."

Little Mattie, standing by, turned on her adoring papa a pair of bright eyes blazing with wrath, and, stamping her tiny foot, exclaimed,

"No, he didn't do it neither, so now."

The amused parent, trying to preserve a proper severity, but visibly softening, turned on this unexpected antagonist with,

"Indeed, Miss Mattie; and how do you know he didn't?"

"'Cause," triumphantly cried the fearless little champion, "'cause I saw him didn't."

TO NEWSAGENTS.

We shall be very happy to send specimen copies to any newsagent who thinks that he can use them to advantage; also to post contents bills every week to agents who will display them. A very taking transparency has been prepared, and a copy of it will be forwarded to any agent who applies.

THE MAD GIRL'S BUTTERFLY.

SHRILL laughter rang through the courtyard. A girl's face looked from the barred window of a cell. It was a beautiful face, set in a glory of golden hair; the parted lips were like the petals of a young rose. But the laughter was the wild, terrible, mocking laughter of the mad.

"I have it!" she screamed, exultantly.

"What?" asked Dennis, the head-keeper, who was passing outside.

"The butterfly!"

The keeper grinned and winked his eyes. He had heard before of this butterfly—a chimerical insect which troubled him little. He was not a bad man, taking him altogether; a trifle over-fond of turning the cold shower on the poor wretches entrusted to his care; not averse to using a stout leather strap in the welfare of the more refractory; and he often exercised a little judicious economy at their expense, in setting before his family the bread intended for the patients. Not a nerve lodged amidst the bone and brawn of this gigantic body! The most frantic struggles of the maniacs filled him with amusement. Their most furious ravings brought a smile to his great lips.

He approached the window. "Where is it?" he asked, curiously and idly.

"It is here! here!" cried the girl, full of excitement; and she pointed to a hole in the wall of her cell.

A hole in the wall!

The keeper was annoyed. He frowned. He entered the cell and struck her.

"See that you make no more holes in the wall!"

She trembled violently. Her eyes darted strange lights, but she said nothing. She did not even cry out, although the blow was a cruel one. She only watched, with jealous, angry eyes, as the keeper thrust three fingers into the hole. There was no butterfly there. He stood ruminating a moment. Presently he began slowly to scratch his head. The girl made a sudden movement towards him.

"Give it to me!" she cried, imperatively. "It is mine! I will have it! You shall not put it in your hat! Give it to me! Give it to me!"

"Hush!" he said, and he raised his hand threateningly. She cowered away from him, and crouching in the corner of the cell began to cry bitterly, wiping her eyes, now and then, on a strand of the long yellow hair that lay on her shoulders. As the keeper opened the door to go out, a ray of sunlight fell on his rough hair, which curled thickly over his temples. The girl bounded suddenly after him like a tiger.

"It is there!" she shrieked, shrilly. "Ah! the pretty thing. Do not crush it."

For the man raised his hand involuntarily to the spot she indicated with her outstretched fingers; then, recollecting himself, he turned on her fiercely, and advancing deliberately as she retreated from him, until he had driven her again to her corner, he stood a moment quelling her with the cold power of his eyes. It was an instant's silent struggle. The force of reason prevailed. She sank—shuddering, conquered—in the angle of the smooth stone wall.

"Good!" he said, gruffly. "And no more holes in the wall. Do you hear? I shall look in to-morrow and see if the hole grows larger in the night. To-morrow, and again the next day, and the next." He thrust his ugly face down to hers. She shivered and shrank nearer the wall. "Good!" he said again. His tone was fatherly. It was pleasant to him to see his power. Ah! they feared him—these poor helpless, hopeless, miserable creatures.

He left the cell, turning his face towards her as he closed the door. A last trembling ray from the setting sun died on the matted hair above his left temple. A tremor shook the delicate body huddled in the corner. More than two hours passed, and still the girl crouched there. Her little fingers worked nervously. Her eyes were never still. Her brow was drawn in deep, painful lines, as though the poor disordered brain beneath made some great physical effort to form thought. And so the darkness fell. With morning came the keeper.

"Is there a hole in the wall?" He laughed maliciously. "Then we can have no bread to-day," and the excellent man passed on well satisfied. Had he not inflicted punishment when punishment was due? And, moreover, his large and hungry family lived on the bread which cost him nothing.

* * * * *

June passed and July—long summer days when the sun lay in the courtyard and there was always a warm corner in cell No. 30, where the beautiful insane girl was kept. The keeper liked to go there and lounge in the afternoons. She was afraid of him, and he found her terror diverting. It pleased him to see her standing with downcast eyes sending out those strange gleams from under the deep fringed lids—with heaving breast from which the breath laboured heavily—with trembling fingers locked so tightly together that the little nails grew white with the cruel pressure. It was a tribute to his power.

A more observant person might have seen something here to suspect—might have analysed this fear and found in it a trace of danger—might have declared this attitude to be that of a person detected—or in the fear of detection—in wrong doing. But the keeper, good man, was not one to analyse. He examined all the cells daily. It may be that his examination was sometimes clumsy. But why should he suspect this girl? Or suspecting, why should he fear her? A slender, white-faced, cowering thing who could only pick a hole in the wall to hunt for an imaginary butterfly! A poor, weak, imbecile creature who shook at the sound of his voice!

There were times when the girl did not shrink from him, but instead greeted him with her charming, child-like smile. Then, were he in a good humour, he would talk with her. Truly a strange duet, this, between the man without intellect and the woman without reason.

He had not altogether forgotten the butterfly.

"Aha!" he laughed, one day; "where is your treasure? I have it! Here!" tapping his forehead suggestively and blinking his eyes—"here! I keep it safely!"

The girl made a sudden, uncontrollable movement as if she would spring upon him, and the strange look deepened in her eyes—the look of passionate desire now mingled with rage and hatred of the man who kept from her what she coveted. The keeper was enchanted at the success of his pleasantry. Still laughing, he rose, stretched his legs comfortably, and lounged over to the window. He gazed stolidly through the grating.

Softly she came—softly, lightly! Her cheeks aflame with the strength of her desire! With gleaming sapphire eyes! With quivering nostrils and parted lips through which the breath fluttered tremulously! Softly she came, her lithe young body swaying, and her little, trembling hands before her! In an instant her dainty fingers had twisted themselves in the man's rough hair, jerked the great head backward, and began a furious scratching in the grizzled mop over the left temple. The keeper flung himself round with an imprecation and sent the girl spinning against the wall.

"Insolence!" he roared, rushing upon her. "Take this—and this!"

He struck her crushing blows with his clenched fist. She smothered a cry and crouched, still with that dangerous look in her eyes—crouched as if to spring at his throat.

"What do you mean by it?" he muttered, threateningly, rushing upon her again. Slowly her expression changed. The corners of her pretty mouth trembled. She put out one delicate hand with a deprecating gesture. She smiled—at first faintly. Then, with more assurance, and moving gently forward, she looked up, shyly, into his scowling face as one who would implore forgiveness. It was the cunning of the maniac, but it touched the vanity of the keeper. How ready she was to confess his power! How eager to sue his pardon!

"There!" said he, "no more of your stupid tricks!" and he went away.

* * * * * *

The summer waned. No. 30 seemed dull and poorly. She slept little, grew weak and thin, and, from out the pallor of her face, her great blue eyes shone unnaturally. She was silent for long hours at a time. She no longer talked of the lost butterfly. She looked like a student who seeks to solve great problems, and who loses his health and strength in long vigils. She left her bed at night, and strange scratching sounds were heard in her cell.

"She sleeps too warm, perhaps," said the keeper; "give her a cooling shower." And this merry fellow bade them hold her under the icy douche until she fell, chilled and exhausted, to the ground. This occurred twice. After that there were no more nocturnal disturbances. The keeper chuckled.

"I know their tricks," said he.

The girl became very quiet and circumspect. She began to manifest interest in objects about her. She was strangely observant, and occupied herself for hours in examining the scanty appointments of her cell. Once the keeper fancied he saw her fumbling with the bars of her grated window. He went in and examined the place. He found nothing wrong. She watched him with stealthy eyes. When he turned she spoke to him pleasantly. She was always gay with him now. The great man never detected a false note in the clear, crystal tones of her laughter—his ear, like his eye, made no fine distinctions. After this episode, however, she was more prudent, and gave no cause for suspicion. She was thoughtful—oh, very thoughtful at times—preoccupied but patient, good-tempered, and obedient. Soon she began to talk rationally, and answered all questions with sense and judgment. One day the keeper summoned the doctor, for No. 30 seemed quite recovered.

The doctor called, but he was, as it happened, an old and skilful practitioner, who for many years had studied every form of insanity, and who thought he detected lurking signs of mania beneath the girl's calm appearance.

"H'm," said he; "wait a little longer. It is best to be prudent."

"The girl is harmless?"

"Perfectly so."

"She can be given a little liberty?"

"Yes. She is quite harmless." And the worthy physician smiled and rubbed his hands softly together, and thinking of the clear, quiet eyes which met his own so steadily, the cool hand which rested obediently in his, the girl's normal, composed manner, repeated to himself, "Oh, certainly. Quite harmless."

It was after this that the keeper made himself easy. The examination of No. 30's cell was no longer considered necessary. No. 30 herself grew paler and ate but little. This could scarcely be said to distress the keeper, whose family profited thereby. By this time she had won his entire confidence. She was so patient and docile, more patient than the good man guessed, and more cautious, too, and more cunning.

* * * * * *

At last it happened on a cold, black night, that a light figure crept between the loosened bars of a cell window and dropped noiselessly to the ground. Swift and straight it took its way across the court, never swerving, never hesitating, in spite of the impenetrable darkness; for in the slow elaboration of this mighty idea, all had been calculated, recalculated, with the triple patience which comes of madness, of solitude, and of imprisonment. Veiled in the darkness, No. 30 took her silent way past the square garden plot. Here there was a small door. Well she knew it! Long and patiently had she waited to hear from someone through which door she must pass to accomplish her grand purpose. She stood here listening for an instant, then thrust into the keyhole something she held tightly in her hand. There was a faint clicking sound, and a little rectangle of darkness opened before her.

Suddenly a woman's sharp cry smote the night air. It seemed to come from the keeper's quarters, but one could scarcely tell whence it began, for it was instantly caught up by the startled creatures in the asylum and passed on from one to another with varying and terrible modulations of fear, of anger, of insensate joy! The night was soon hideous with their cries!

The doors opened, and the governor of the asylum made his appearance among the keepers. His face was pale. This was unusually bad, he thought, even for the violent wards. Awakened from a deep sleep by the horrible uproar, he had feared a general riot among the patients. Suddenly a woman appeared at the end of the passage. She held a candle in her hand, and two children clung terror-stricken to her skirts.

"Here, sir! here! And oh! come quickly!"

The governor moved towards her. He recognised the wife of the head keeper.

The woman began a mournful story, broken by fitful sobbing. She had been sleeping! There had been something—she knew not what. Her husband had bounded up in the bed, had given a heavy groan, had fallen back on his pillow! Then a dark thing had sprung from the bed right by her side, and glided across the room. She had been unable to rouse her good man!

The governor followed the woman to a room in the keeper's quarters. On the bed lay the body of the man Dennis. The governor examined the body. A small brad had been driven through the left temple, obliquely into the brain. It was a slender thing, without a head, but it had been driven home with deadly force.

"Your husband is dead," said the governor, gravely.

He left the woman weeping over the corpse, and called the keepers.

"We will make the rounds immediately."

No. 30 was asleep. The governor bent over her with the lamp in his hand. The light awakened her. She rubbed her eyes with one little hand, then she smiled her adorable smile. The beautiful eyes were clear and serene, her face was joyous. She pushed back her glorious hair and raised herself a little from the pillow. Then she held out the other hand. It was tightly closed, as if over something of great value. Slowly she extended the fingers that the governor might see what she held. The little pink palm was empty. But she saw something there.

"I have it!" she whispered, triumphantly.

The governor patted her hand kindly. "You are dreaming!" He gave a cursory glance at the grating as he passed. He touched the bars at the window. "Nothing wrong here!" said he. "The girl has slept well!"

TO READERS WHO WISH US WELL.

If you appreciate our efforts "to interest, to elevate, to amuse," will you help us make the paper known by handing specimen copies to your friends? Readers who will so far trouble themselves as to do this will be giving the most practical proof possible of their approbation.

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Were we providing no larger a pennyworth of reading matter than some of our contemporaries, we should be able to advertise extensively. As it is, we feel we may ask those whom we succeed in pleasing to make the paper known a little in this manner.

A SAD MISTAKE.

SOME time ago a well-known temperance lecturer was leaving his home to deliver an address, when he discovered he had no handkerchief; he hurriedly went to the drawer, where they were usually kept, took one, and departed. He had a brilliant audience that night, and, as he was an authority on the subject, soon became very interesting. The weather being warm, he took out his handkerchief to cool his face.

He did not quite understand the suppressed titter he noticed among the audience, but, tackling his subject again, he showed most plainly that his view was the correct one, and that the poor, misguided creatures who thought differently were greatly to be pitied. Here he took a drink of water, and was about to wipe his lips, when loud laughter arose from all parts of the building.

Whatever could it mean? Had the poor, misguided creatures he referred to organised an opposition to laugh him down, and thus obtain a victory by foul means where they could never succeed by fair? So it seemed. But he would expose them. Strong in the strength of a righteous cause, he would crush them to dust, while the truth, and the truth alone, should win the day.

So, advancing to the front of the rostrum, in loud and mighty tones he denounced their vile tactics, stamped his feet, struck the desk, and, still holding his handkerchief, waved his hands on high, while shrieks of laughter filled the place. Quite nonplussed, he stopped again; but speedily solved the whole mystery by discovering that his handkerchief was nothing else than a baby's shirt of the very newest pattern.

THE SCOT ABROAD.

THE very slight desire which Scotsmen abroad have of revisiting their native land has long been the theme of writers who never hamper their wit by a too close adherence to the rigid lines of truth. Even pompous and dogmatical Dr. Johnson used to say that the finest view a Scotsman could see in his own country was the road leading to London; and an eminent geologist averred that even in the slabs of old red sandstone he had never met one footprint of the Scottish antediluvian creatures that was turned northward.

All this may be very true, or, what is still more probable, may be false; any way, no one can deny that the Scotsman abroad prizes the companionship of his countrymen above that of all others, and, other things being equal, will favour a son of old Scotia in a business way before any other man that comes across him. This particular trait inclines one to think that there may be some truth in a tale that comes from one of the northern Australian towns in which Scotsmen form the large majority.

In this town the corporation called for tenders for some work, and in due time the council, wholly composed of Scotsmen, of course, met to worry over the offers sent in for their consideration. Patrick O'Flaherty's, being the highest tender, was thrown into the waste-paper basket without any further ceremony, and that of Heinrich Teufelsdroeckh did not find much favour with the civic magnates either. But, when it was found that one Malcolm Macdougall's was the lowest, a cheer went up from the delighted Sandies, and Malcolm's tender was unanimously accepted.

Great was the surprise at the next meeting, however, when it turned out that Malcolm Macdougall was simply the assumed name of a slant-eyed Chinaman who had determined to "scoop" the job; and thick gloom settled down on all as the mayor, sorrowfully lifting up his voice, exclaimed:

"My conshens! Can sic things be? We'll a' be rooined by cheap labour and this heathen Chinee!"

Kum Yoon was his name.

WHAT "FREAKS OF NATURE" CAN EARN.

THE freak of nature possesses a veritable gold-mine in itself. All prodigies, whether they be great or small, one-eyed like Cyclops, or possessing as many heads as a hydra, can fill their purses, provided they muster enough courage and strength to sit in gaudy dresses loaded with tinsel on show chairs. The salaries of some of these freaks are enormous, and not a few make as much money in the course of a year as the honoured gentleman who sits upon the woolsack.

Their salaries range from £5 to £100 a week, and are determined by the relative eccentricities of the freaks. For instance, albinos with pink eyes and silken-white hair receive from £2 to £4 per week, while those with eyes and hair of the same pinkish hue, are valued at £5 or £6 a week because of their rarity.

Among the high-priced are the so-called "skeletons," or extremely thin persons, whose weekly salaries range from £10 to £50. To be a proper skeleton freak one must have bones, skin, and a little blood, with all the vitals, but no flesh to speak of. Bow-legged skeleton freaks are preferred to those who are knock-kneed, simply because they are scarcer.

Such prodigies as woolly babies, or infants with a remarkable growth of hair all over the body, face, and limbs, are worth a great deal to the show manager. They receive from £20 to £30 a week as compensation, for sitting on a show chair. Rare curiosities, like dog-faced boys, also come high. They, or rather their parents, guardians, and owners receive for putting them on exhibition, salaries ranging from £40 to £50 per week. Those having faces resembling pug dogs get £50 a week, while others who more fortunately possess shepherd-dog or greyhound faces draw £60.

The star freaks in shows are, however, midgets, and good ones, like the famous Lucia Zarate, who had a maid and interpreter to accompany her about the country, drew salaries ranging from £100 to £200 a week. Midgets should weigh from ten to twelve pounds. There are so many fat people that there is a general impression that prodigies in this direction do not command large salaries. This is not the case, however. They are paid as much as £75 a week, but to earn such sums they must weigh at least 600 or 700 pounds.

Giants are paid about £50 a week. Those from China, for some unaccountable reason, are the best drawing cards, and are consequently the highest priced. Giants must be strong and healthy; when they grow old and weakly, they are little or no use for the purpose of exhibition. Aztecs receive the comparatively low compensation of £15 weekly.

Big-footed girls are much-needed curiosities at curiosity shows. To possess large enough pedal extremities to be called a freak, however, it is necessary that each foot shall be three times as large as the owner's head. For such a monstrosity £50 is the price paid weekly. Armless people who do all manner of work with their feet are paid £10 a week or more, according to the skill which they may have acquired in making their feet do the work of their missing hands.

There are so many "wild" girls, that freaks of this class only receive £10 a week. The "genuine article" suffers through the unfair competition of those who become "Wild Indians" solely for the purpose of exhibition. Ossified men are paid from £20 to £30, and are considered very profitable freaks in well-conducted shows. Genuine Hindoo snake-charmers receive about £10 a week. Grass-eaters draw weekly salaries ranging from £5 to £10. Men with remarkable memories, boomerang-throwers, and such ordinary curiosities, get from £2 to £3 a week.

Freaks are rarely kept in British shows over two weeks at one time. Managers find that if kept longer than this they hardly prove sources of profit.

In America, the managers of the leading "dime museums" pay average salaries of quite double the above amounts.

AN EXAMPLE TO LADIES.

A LADY correspondent sends the following true story of her experience with a pet dog:—

"He came to me—in a hamper—ten years ago. Seven pounds, I thought, was not much to pay for a creature whose pedigree covered a sheet of foolscap, and who was to be the friend and companion of my declining years, and a perpetual pride and glory; for I believed that nobody else had anything to compare with him in the way of a three-months'-old fox-terrier puppy. He came on the Queen's birthday, and I named him Victor.

"For ten years I honoured and obeyed that dog. I served him with faithful devotion. Not only did I minister to his comfort in every possible way, but I provided him with luxuries unheard of in the annals of pet-keeping. His liberal dinners were served on a soup-plate of old Dresden. His bed—beside mine—was a down pillow in a basket furnished with two red blankets. What with his excursions about the room and his snores, my slumbers were not undisturbed; but I never complained. No, not even when he distributed my best Sunday bonnet all over the house, leaving two feathers on the stairs, some jet beads on the third floor, and a good deal of dilapidated velvet on the drawing-room carpet. Victor's analysis of a modern bonnet only brought me a keener sense of its ridiculousness, and I thanked him for the lesson.

"For ten years I endeavoured to accommodate my life to his wishes. I left off returning visits, because he did not like waiting in a carriage, still less being left at home. I risked my health, wandering on dewy evenings among wet woodlands, and by the reedy river-side, because hares and water-hens were the chief interests of his life, and he valued intelligent human sympathy in his pursuits. I was barely civil to one or two of my oldest friends, because Victor had expressed a wish that they should not visit me, enforcing it with barks and bites when they did. I thought he and I were all in all to each other. Alas!

"Three years ago I became possessed of a Persian cat. Very soon that cat had a grown-up daughter. Luna and Stella pervaded Victor's home and mine. He did not seem particularly jealous, nor had he the slightest cause for being so; but he showed a contemptuous aversion for the new-comers, and shunned their society. This aversion became something like fear when, in course of time, Luna and Stella, in perfectly unnecessary protection of frequent kittens, occasionally scratched him. Still, he found my affection absolutely unchanged. I allowed no cat to share or interfere with any of his privileges.

"In January, 1889, it pleased Victor to pay a visit to a neighbouring farmhouse, where he had friends. This he had often done before, returning in the small hours of the morning, and shrieking under my window his commands that I should rise, come down, and unbar the door, which I always did.

"This time he did not return. I sent for him, and he was brought back. He greeted me effusively, as usual, slept peacefully beside me in his red blankets, and departed next day.

"Five times did this sad history repeat itself. The last occasion was at the beginning of last month, and I sent for him no more. I have never seen him since. Some of his friends from this household visit him, and he receives them courteously, but firmly refuses to accompany them back. He resides at the farm. It would only take him about fifteen minutes to run back to me, but he won't.

"'Send for him, whip him well, and keep him tied up,' is the advice given me by people who have no conception of what true friendship is. Coercion has no part in such sacred relations as existed between Victor and myself. I am left lamenting; and yet life is a little easier now there is no Victor to be consulted. I do not think I shall ever enter the service of another dog."

"DOCTOR, how much do I owe you for saving my life?"

Doctor: "Ten guineas."

Convalescent: "Ten guineas!" (with an air of conviction,) "it isn't worth it!"

EXCITED LADY: "Why isn't something done for that ship in distress? Why don't some of you———."

Life-saver (hurriedly): "We have sent the crew a line to come ashore, mum."

Excited Lady: "Of all things! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?"

Two Englishmen who had been bosom friends went to America. They met with poor success, drifted apart, and finally one took a position as waiter in a cheap restaurant. He hadn't been there long before his friend appeared at the dinner. The meeting was not over-joyful.

"Why, old man, you down to a waiter, eh? Gracious, how you have fallen; and in a restaurant like this, too."

"Yes," replied the waiter, turning on his friend sarcastically, "but I don't eat here, thank goodness!"

THE composer, Henry Smart, played an organ in a London church, and his recital after church excited much attention; but one morning, after a selection from one of Mozart's masses, a churchwarden came into the organ loft, and "begged to inform Mr. Smart that they had decided that they could not have such jiggy stuff played in their church."

"Very well, sir," was the answer; "it shall be altered."

On the next Sunday dirge-like sounds proceeded from the organ, and the churchwarden congratulated the player on the solemn and elevating effect of the music.

"I am glad you like it," answered Mr. Smart; "doubtless if I play it a little quicker you will see the reason it affected you," and, suiting the action to the word, the popular strains of "Jump, Jim Crow," resounded from the organ. After this Henry Smart played whatshe liked.

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This is absolutely the first work of the kind that has ever been published. Its cover is red, as we hope its contents will be.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

359. Are there any Places in this Country Which Change their Parish Annually?

There is the town of Swinton, in Yorkshire, which lies partly in the parish of Wath and partly in that of Mexborough. Its inhabitants are known as "Halfers" and "Wholers." The latter contribute tithes to the one church wholly, the former are required to resort personally one year to Wath Church, and the year following to Mexborough to pay personal tithes and do personal duties.

361. Which is the Most Useful of the Five Senses?

Undoubtedly the sense of touch, which has well been called "the mother of all the senses." It is of all the senses the most diffused, and of all our knowledge-gateways the widest—for it must be remembered that the sense of touch is not confined to the skin of the fingers, but extends to the skin at large. All our other senses may be for a time unexercised, but, save in sleep, the skin gives us incessant information. It takes part in all our actions. It has been truly said that, so far as knowledge is concerned, we had better lack every other organ of sensation, than the skin. If we had not clear apprehension from our touch, our eyes would present to us mere illusions. It is this recognition of separate substances given by the fingers which first reveals to the dawning consciousness of the child his own individuality. There is, in fact, scarcely any sense that the skin cannot in some measure supplement. Blind men by its aid have learnt to distinguish colours, and by its help the deaf listen and the dumb talk. The touch is indeed remarkable for the improvement which it may receive from practice. The blind soon come to read with perfect ease raised type not much larger than that of an ordinary large-print Bible. There is also the well-known instance of the girl, who, having lost the use of her hands and fingers, was able to read the Bible with her lips. Saunderson, a professor of mathematics at Cambridge, blind from two years old, could distinguish genuine medals from counterfeits better than many good judges who possessed their sight. Many blind persons have become good sculptors; others have been famous botanists, and Dr. Carpenter mentions a blind friend who was a first-rate conchologist. In some aspects the other senses are but modifications and developments of the sense of touch. Thus the motions of light and sound strike upon the eye and ear, so that seeing and hearing are but touching at a distance, and feel not substances, but only force. Again, there is the muscular sense, or feeling of exertion, which is closely connected with the sense of touch. It is the union of this sense with that of touch, that makes the hand the wonderful instrument it is. We may judge of this muscular sense by getting another person to move one of our fingers over a smooth surface, while we shut our eyes. If he presses more firmly at one part than at another, we receive the impression of an unevenness in the surface which we do not have if we exert a varying pressure ourselves.

362. Is the Sea of Uniform Saltness at all Depths?

The sea is not of uniform saltness at all depths, for the saltness generally increases with its depth. The investigations of the "Challenger" show that as a rule the saltness of the sea decreases from the surface to a depth of from 800 to 1,000 fathoms, and after that increases until the bottom is reached. This cannot be taken as a fixed rule, however, as different seas are subject to different conditions. These variations depend upon the currents of fresh water which are poured into the sea from rivers. Thus the Caspian Sea contains 11 lbs. of salt to every ton of water, and the Red Sea 93 lbs. In the Mediterranean the saltness increases with the depth, while in Baffin's Bay the surface water and deep water are the same. It has been calculated that if all the salt were extracted from the sea, and spread over the surface of the land, it would form a layer thirty feet deep.

363. How Much per Annum do the Public Highways of the United Kingdom Cost to Maintain?

The total length of the highways throughout England and Wales has been estimated to be 25,000 miles, whilst the principal byways have been estimated to be 100,000 miles in length. The average cost of maintaining cross roads is £12 9s. a mile, that of maintaining main roads is £35 11s. Taking these figures we find that the main roads cost £888,750, and the cross roads £1,245,000, making a total of £2,133,750 per annum.

364. What Quantity of Nicotine, taken in a Dose, would Kill a Person?

Less than half a grain of pure nicotine would kill, while the twenty-fifth part of a grain will cause intense suffering. In its poisonous effects nicotine is scarcely inferior to prussic acid, while it is exceedingly rapid in its action. Its vapour is so irritating that breathing becomes difficult in a room where a single drop has been evaporated. So rapidly is the poison absorbed into the system that rabbits, cats, and dogs die in two or three minutes from the effects of less than a drop placed on the tongue. It may well be asked how, if nicotine be so deadly, smokers escape its effects. The principal reason is that the great bulk of the smoke drawn from burning tobacco is common steam, which substance renders the poison comparatively innocuous. There is also an absorbent process going on in the pipe itself, though there is no doubt that a smoker, with an ordinary pipe, does, in some measure, imbibe to his hurt the nicotine. It is the chief alkaloid in tobacco, different forms of which contain from 2 to 8 per cent. of it. There are several instances on record of people being killed by nicotine, and newspaper readers may remember an instance only last year of an old man being admitted into Charing Cross Hospital, who was found to have been poisoned. The medical examination showed that he had been drinking spirits in which he had previously soaked some tobacco.

365. Does a Closely-fitting Window Exclude the Cold as well as a Wall?

A closely-fitting window excludes the cold better than an ordinary wall, as glass is less porous than the usual materials of which walls are made. In order to form an idea of the amount of gaseous diffusion which takes place through ordinary brick and mortar walls, Roscoe has made several experiments, as the result of which we find "the beneficial action of our brick and plaster walls is not merely confined to taking up or giving moisture to the air, but interchange goes on within the pores of the brick and mortar, so that our walls become, to some extent, an aid to ventilation." Thus the walls of a room, unless covered with an impervious material, are constantly traversed by gentle currents of air, which play an important part in the ventilation of rooms. The amount of ventilation, however, through the walls varies with the materials of which they are built. Mortar is exceedingly porous when dry; sandstone and bricks are easily permeated by both water and air; limestone is almost impervious to air, but requires much mortar in building, which effects a partial compensation. As the wind also will pass through wood, and even brick and stone walls, but is unable to get through glass on account of its density, we may, therefore, conclude that a closely-fitting window excludes the cold, not simply as well as, but better than a wall.

366 What is the Thickness of the Clouds?

The thickness of the clouds varies greatly, and is affected entirely by atmospheric conditions. A cloud may be so thin that the stars can be observed through it, or it may have a thickness of as much as three miles. According to some balloon observations taken at Kew, the clouds were then found to range between 2,000 and 3,000 feet in thickness. Around the island of Teneriffe, a place most favourable for observations, the clouds were found to exist to a thickness of 1,000 feet, while in the Pyrenees the average thickness has been proved to amount to about 1,500 feet. Sometimes it may happen that there are several layers of clouds, between each of which there is a clear space. In such cases, of course, the total thickness of the clouds would be very greatly increased. These departures from the normal state of affairs are due to the action of currents of air at various heights and moving in different directions.

367. What Proportion of Horses in this Country are kept for purposes of Pleasure?

From a very careful estimate that I have made, I should say that at least some 100,000 horses are in this country kept for purposes of pleasure. I have taken into account the people who, living in the country or town, have their one horse or pony, and others who possess three or four. Then we have establishments where on an average a dozen horses are kept; and the large hunting stables where from thirty to fifty horses are often found. At racing centres also a large number of animals are kept, and these have to be included as being kept for pleasure. From a knowledge of what these stables contain, I should say the above figures are well within the mark. I have not included any horses which are used partly for business and partly for pleasure—as the tradesman's cob, which takes its master for a drive on Sunday.

368. Which is the Best Material for Roofing Houses?

The best material for roofing houses is not always most suitable, as there are many conditions as to position and climate to be considered in building a house. Slate is most in vogue for town use, and if the roof is boarded previously to fixing the slates, or a covering of asphalte roofing affixed, the house will be kept warm in winter and cool in summer. But tiles are more serviceable, though they are mostly used in the suburbs and country. Cement and concrete form admirable substances for roofing. Thatched roofs keep a house warmer in winter and cooler in summer than any other, but they need constant renewal, and harbour immense quantities of insects and vermin. A new material for flat roofs, which of late years has much advanced in favour, is concrete formed of coke breeze and Portland cement, carried on a framing of light wrought iron joists and covered with a layer of Seysell asphalte. This, properly executed, should last as long as the building itself.

369. Is it a Fact that a Tree's Roots cover as Wide an Area Underground as its Branches Above?

The roots of a tree do not cover the same area beneath the earth as they do above. As a gardener of many years' standing, having had a vast deal of experience in digging and transplanting trees, I find that the roots of trees cover, on an average, about two thirds of the area of its branches. The tree which has the largest area underground is the Weeping Willow. This tree's roots spread to such an extent that, should there be any trees or shrubs planted within thirty feet of it, in a few years the roots of the willow will be found intermingled with it. Fruit trees, such as apples, pears, and plums, have very small roots in comparison to their size. The roots of currant bushes do not occupy more than a quarter the space their branches cover.

370. How Much More Effort is Required to Propel a Tricycle than a Bicycle?

Dr. Stoney, in a paper read before the Royal Dublin Society, stated that the energy expended in the riding of a tricycle was just above, and that of a bicycle just below, the perspiring point. This seems incorrect, for no hard-and-fast line can be drawn as to the perspiration point, which will vary with the weight and friction of the particular machine, and with the inclination and roughness of the road, as well as with the habit of body of the rider. In a bicycle, with a wheel of sixty inches diameter, every stroke with the foot causes the wheel to travel half its circumference, or nearly seven and a half feet. This is equivalent to three regulation walking strides of thirty inches, so that to travel a mile on a bicycle is equivalent in muscular expenditure to about one-sixth of the force expended in walking a like distance. The exertion spent in travelling a mile on the level on a bicycle is not more than four foot-tons. No road, however, is level or smooth, hence the average exertion expended is considered to be six foot-tons a mile. A ride in the day of from sixty to eighty miles can thus be undertaken by a man without over-exertion. Tricyclists cannot travel so fast or so far. The contact of three wheels with the ground is a drag on rapid advance, and this is increased by the circumstance that in the case of the bicycle the two wheels follow each other, and so practically make one track, whereas the three wheels of the tricycles make each a track of its own. The rider is not placed so favourably for bringing the weight of the body to bear as a means of progression. Forty to fifty miles a day is about the maximum distance attained by ordinary riders on a tricycle.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from readers who have the knowledge and ability to answer them. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column, or about 5d. a line. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday following their publication. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

391. Do animals converse with one another?

392. What is the magnifying power of the strongest microscope ever made?

393. Which battle of modern times, and between civilised peoples, has been won against the greatest odds?

394. If the whole composition of the human body changes every seven years, how is it that tattoo marks are permanent?

395. How many children are educated annually by the School Boards?

396. In what single shipwreck was the greatest number of lives lost?

397. Would the earth, viewed from the planets, shine as brightly as they do?

398. What is the average life of a house?

399. Which British bird brings up most young ones every year?

400. Is the atmosphere ever perfectly still at all heights?

A POODLE DOG.

OH, the poodle is a quadruped that's principally hair,
He's twelve to fourteen inches long and seven inches square,
He reminds me of a piece of wool that's bolstered up on pegs,
He has very lengthy whiskers and abbreviated legs.

When a lady ties a string to him and tows him down the street,
He is perfectly delightful and superlatively sweet;
But regarding any poodle that's at present running loose,
I can only think of one way he could be of any use.

If through his little gizzard they should punch a little hole,
And should gracefully impale him on a long and slender pole,
I should be of the opinion that, so near as I can tell,
As a thing for washing windows, he would answer very well.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF A CERTAIN AGE.

PERICLES wedded the lovely Aspasia when she was thirty-six, and yet afterwards, for thirty years or more, she possessed an undiminished reputation for beauty.

Cleopatra was past thirty-nine when Antony fell under her spell, which never lessened until her death, nearly ten years after; Livia was thirty-three when she won the heart of Augustus, over whom she maintained her ascendancy to the last; and Helen of Troy, according to Walpole, was four score when she had that little affair with Paris.

Turning to modern history, where it is possible to verify dates more accurately, we have the extraordinary De Poictiers, who was thirty-six when Henry II., then Duke of Orleans and just half her age, became attached to her, and she was held as first lady and the most beautiful woman at Court up to the period of the monarch's death and the accession to power of Catherine de Medicis.

Ninon de L'Enclos, the most celebrated wit and beauty of her day, was the idol of three generations of the golden youth of France, and she was seventy-two when the Abbé de Berais fell in love with her. True it is that in the case of this lady a rare combination of culture, talents, and personal attractions endowed their possessor seemingly with the gift of eternal youth.

Louis XIV. married Madame de Maintenon when she was forty-three years of age. Catherine II. of Russia was thirty-three when she seized the empire of Russia and captivated the dashing young General Orloff. Up to the time of her death—at sixty-seven—she seemed to have retained the same bewitching powers, for the lamentations were heartfelt among all those who had ever known her personally.

Mdlle. Mars, the celebrated French *tragedienne*, only attained the zenith of her beauty and power when forty or forty-five. At that period the loveliness of her hands and arms especially was celebrated throughout Europe.

The famous Mdme. Recamier, when thirty-eight, was without dispute declared to be the most beautiful woman in Europe, which rank she held for fifteen years.

THE LANGUAGE OF DOOR-SLAMMING.

LOVELY woman has a beautifully-graduated scale of door-slamming. If all is serene within and without, she closes the door so gently that you would think an angel had passed through and merely brushed it to with his wing. If she is suffering from any small annoyance, such as the receipt of a thumping milliner's bill, she will close the door firmly and audibly, but still will not slam it.

If the annoyance is greater—if a kind, intimate friend had written to tell her of something nasty that has been said about her, if she has failed to receive an invitation which she had every right to expect—there will be a decided, though not a violent, slam. If the perturbation is greater still, if the expected and faithfully-promised bonnet has not been sent home in time, or if the purse-bearer has wickedly thrown cold water on her little plan for a month or two's holiday, there is a slam indeed—one which, even in a solid mansion, is trying enough to the framework, and in a jerry-built house brings the soot down all the chimneys.

But if there is a still greater crisis—such as the insolence of a servant, the discovery of a daughter's encouragement of the wrong swain, or the absolute and downright refusal of a spouse to do something she has ordered, then the slam attains its fullest vigour, the timbers crack, the pictures dance off on the adjacent wall, the ornaments on the mantelpiece set to partners, and the neighbours inquire of each other why the guns are going off to-day.

Heavy and clumsy-handed man has none of these gradations. When suffering under ordinary annoyances he may clench his hands, stamp on the hearth-rug, kick at the cat, and thump his umbrella about, but he does not slam the door. That he reserves as a crowning argument for great crises—and fortunately, too, for few houses could stand frequently such slams as he administers. For he not only slams the door of the room where his temper has met with its reverse, but a minute or two afterwards a second slam is heard, mightier than the first. That is the house door; for a man in a temper always seeks the fresh air and the open sky, with or without hat and gloves.

In this connection it may be remarked that door-slamming is one of the few things which are always more effective in private life than upon the stage. It is often attempted in the comedy or farce, but it goes off like a damp squib. The door in the scene looks solid enough, but there is never any bang to be got out of it. It will sometimes not close at all.

Accomplished actors, however, are not to be done entirely out of their slam, so they generally kick the door instead, which is understood to be a technical or constructive slam. Actresses, of course, have not this resource, so, instead, they first shut the door, and when you think they have gone, re-open it, and dart a withering look upon their enemy inside, which is a very fair substitute in the absence of the genuine article.

CLERICAL INVENTORS.

THE oldest clerical inventor of whom we have any account was Bartholdus Schwartz, a German monk, who was born in the town of Freiberg, where there is a statue to his memory. To him the Germans attribute the invention of gunpowder.

But if the gunpowder belongs to the Germans the percussion cap belongs to the Scotch. In 1807 the Rev. John Alexander Forsyth, minister of Belhelvie, Aberdeenshire, patented his detonating powder. Ten years after this his invention was in general use, but it was not adopted in the army till 1840. The detonating powder consists of equal parts of fulminating mercury and chlorate of potash. In manufacturing the cap a piece of copper is stamped into appropriate shape. It is then coated with a strong adhesive varnish. The powder is immediately dusted over this, and the particles that do not adhere are shaken out. Pressure is applied, and the process is then complete. The cap now usually forms part of the cartridge.

In connection with the peaceful avocations of agriculture two clerical names have to be mentioned. The first is that of the Rev. Patrick Bell, minister of Carmyllie. Whilst yet a young man Bell studied the problem of reaping by machinery, and in 1826 he completed a machine that remained long in use, and the principle of which still forms the basis of every reaper that is made. It had this peculiarity, that the horses pushed it before them, and this advantage, that the field required no previous preparation for its use. Brought up to the field it would at once dash right through the middle of the corn. Bell was awarded a premium of £50 by the Highland and Agricultural Society, and he also received, in 1867, a public testimonial of £1,000. He was ordained in 1843, and died at Carmyllie in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

The other name is that of the Rev. William Fisken, minister of the Presbyterian Church of England at Stamfordham, Northumberland. To him, along with his brother Thomas, we are indebted for the steam-plough. Mr. Fisken also distinguished himself by the invention of a potato-sower, and a new system for the ventilating of churches.

In the matter of weaving, the name of the Rev. Dr. Edward Cartwright stands before every other. Born at Marnham, in Nottinghamshire, in 1783, he studied at Oxford, and held various livings in the Church of England. The first period of his life was devoted to literary pursuits, and it was not till 1784, on the occasion of a visit to Manchester, that he turned his attention to the art of weaving. He studied the question so closely that the very next year his first power-loom was in motion. His invention met with great opposition. So late as 1813 there were not more than 2,300 looms in the United Kingdom. He spent a fortune in perfecting his invention, but in 1809 he received a grant of £10,000 from Government. He died on the 30th October, 1823.

With the invention of gas the clergy have a very close connection. In 1739 Dr. John Clayton, Dean of Kildare, gave an account before the Royal Society of London of how he had distilled a "spirit" from coal. It was the will-o'-the-wisp so frequently seen in the Irish marshes, and of which the Irish at that time were in great superstitious dread, which first stimulated his inquiries. Dr. Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, also gave this matter serious study. He was a severe chemical student, and in 1769 he showed how gas, after being passed through water, not only retained its inflammability, but was purified by the process.

There are other names of minor note. The Rev. Dr. Stirling patented his air engine in 1816, and to Dr. Robert Graham, the minister of Errol, in Scotland, who, along with Sir David Brewster and Lord Kinnaird, made important experiments in photography, some tribute is due for work done.

SPEAKING of a harpist, a Cornish critic said: "We never before knew there was so much music in a gridiron."

"DID Miss Smith receive any valuable presents on her wedding day?"

"Yes, one—a new name."

"JONES thinks he knows everything."

"He does, does he? I fancy he never had a little son who asked him questions."

BAGLEY: "Well, old man, I shall expect you to-night."

Bailey: "I'll be there."

Bagley: "Oh, by-the-bye, if you don't mind, you might wear your new trousers, and we can have a game of chess. I've got the pieces, but no board."

MR. LOZING HOPE: "May I—may I speak to your father, Miss Cole."

Miss Vera Cole: "It is useless, Mr. Hope. I can never be your wife!"

Mr. Hope: "Excuse me; I wish to speak to him about that £5 he borrowed from me the week before last; I'm getting a little nervous about it."

A HAWICK paper recently contained a cut of the new townhall in that city, and, presuming that it would not "come up" at all well—it was a correct presumption, for it was a terrible specimen of newspaper illustration—the editor appended the following note to it:—"The above is a rough sketch of the new townhall, taken by our printer's apprentice on a stormy day."

A MAN rather below the medium height says that he cannot avoid being offended at any reference to his size, and relates how he was once utterly crushed in an argument. He had the best of it, and was walking the room the more strongly to lay down and emphasize his points, when the other fellow calmly remarked:

"Sit down, James; you look taller sitting down."

It made him so wrath that he could not say another word.

FORENSIC eloquence in the State is not wanting in "floweriness." For example, take this address of a barrister "out West" to a jury.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the law expressly declares, in the beautiful language of Shakespeare, that where a doubt exists of the guilt of the prisoner, it is your duty to fetch him in innocent. If you keep this fact in view in the case of my client, gentleman, you will have the honour of making a friend of him and all his relations, and you can always look back upon this occasion and reflect with pleasure that you have done as you would be done by. But if, on the other hand, you disregard the principle of the law, set at naught my eloquent remarks, and fetch him in guilty, the silent twitches of conscience will follow you all over every fair cornfield, the skeleton hand of remorse will be for ever clutching at your vitals, and my injured and downtrodden client will be able to light on you one of these dark nights as my cat lights on a sassarful of new milk."

SMOKERS

LOOK OUT FOR

Pearson's Pumice-stone Pipe,

the only pipe which never even permits the nicotine to get into its stem.

THE SALE IS NOW COMMENCING,

but as, owing to the immense demand, orders are being executed in the rotation in which they were received, your tobacconist may not have a stock of *Pearson's Pipes* for a few days.

Full particulars of the VALUABLE COMPETITIONS open to all purchasers of this pipe have appeared in our three last issues.

MR. W. H. DUNN, Wholesale Tobacconist, 8, Stokes Croft, Bristol, writes:—

"Having heard of the '*Pearson's Pipe*,' about to be placed before the public, I have every reason to believe that it will meet with universal approval. Your suggested improvement seems to me to meet the requirements of all smokers, its simplicity being its most powerful recommendation, and, as I feel sure that such a pipe will have a very successful sale, kindly instruct Messrs. Posener & Co. to forward me five gross at their earliest convenience as an opening order."

Messrs. Posener & Co. inform us that, though the pipe was only first announced in our issue for week ending April 4th, they have received actual orders for very nearly 100,000 *pipes, so the royalty for disposal among those of our readers who are purchasers already amounts to about* £100.

SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE.

Under this heading we publish brief accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

A NEW industry has been commenced at Amsterdam in the manufacture of vegetable butter, mainly extracted from cocoanuts. The retail price is 8d. per pound.

A SUGAR fifteen times sweeter than cane sugar, and twenty times sweeter than beet sugar, is reported to have been made by a German chemist from cotton-seed meal. It cannot be sold to compete with the ordinary article.

DOCTORS who make up their own medicines, and chemists generally, will find a labour-saving appliance in a "bottle envelope," which has recently been patented by a medical man. It has been devised to do away with the long and tedious operation of papering and waxing bottles now in vogue. All that has to be done is to slip the bottle into the envelope and fasten it up as one would a letter. The envelope may be obtained from Beale, Nesbitt, & Brothers, Belfast.

MR. W. B. HUNT, of Belper, is the inventor of what he calls the Olympian Circle, an exercise machine which combines the advantages accruing to boating, swimming, and riding. The circle can be made in any required size, of from 50 to 300 feet diameter. Two or three distinct tracks are laid inside each other, with an arrangement on both sides of each track, by which the riders are able to propel themselves in cars at any desired speed. This miniature railway can be laid down in the recreation ground or private garden, and can be worked equally well by children or grown-up people.

ONE of the strangest freaks played by a stone within the knowledge of diamond experts is on view at Kimberley, South Africa. The stone is, in shape and size, like a pigeon's egg, of a dark brown colour externally, and at first sight opaque. If viewed in a dark place, with a candle or other light so placed that the rays pass through the stone before falling on the retina, however, one sees distinctly the image of a man from the waist upward. Turning the pebble, he sees at another point a woman's face, partly concealed by heavy tresses, and yet again, on another portion of the surface being applied to the eye, a moonlit cloud sketch is clearly delineated.

A NEW apparatus will shortly be applied to the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway system. When the passenger has turned a little handle, convenient of access, he actually stops the train by setting the vacuum brake in action. As a remedy against frivolous or risky stoppages the engine-driver has power when he feels the brake on to put it off, so that he may select a suitable or safe place to stop. But his power of stopping is lessened in proportion with the number of persons who use the apparatus. When four persons have applied themselves to the communication in four different compartments the train is stopped absolutely, and is beyond the power of the driver.

WE have learnt to utilize all our rubbish nowadays, from tin cans to top-hats, and it is not surprising to find that sawdust and shavings are to be included in the list. These practically waste substances are turned to account by M. Calmant, of Paris, for the production of a finely-divided vegetable charcoal, which is intended to be used for the removal of the unpleasant flavour in ordinary French wine, otherwise unsaleable as wine, although suitable for distillation. The charcoal is also available as a filtering medium, especially in distilleries, where it is said to be capable of filtering forty times its volume of alcohol, whereas the vegetable charcoal of commerce, gradually becoming scarcer and dearer, and which requires grinding, and frequent decarbonisation, will only filter about three times its volume. If not already separate, the sawdust of hard and soft woods must be separated, because the former requires a heat of 700deg. Centigrade, whereas 500deg. Centigrade suffice for carbonising the latter.

A MAN may truly claim to have made a discovery when he finds a means of evading the lynx-eyed Customs officer. The latest dodge in this respect we thought fell to the credit of the Prime Minister's coachman, who surreptitiously stored sundry prohibitive articles in his lordly master's coach. This, however, has been capped by an astute Chinee. It appears that when the steamship *Guthrie* recently returned to Sydney from a long excursion trip, the usual hiding-places were searched in vain by the Customs officers. There were no cigars, tobacco, or opium stowed away in the forepeak under tons of the ship's cable. Even the ventilator in the mainmast held nothing contraband. But at last, on a close inspection of the cooking galley, the officers discovered that the rice pans on the fire were underlaid with tobacco, joints supposed to be frizzling in the oven were composed of cigars, and, in the coolroom, what appeared to be eggs and salt were really stores of the products of Havana.

THE United States Navy Department is about to begin the experimental use of paper boats, and for this purpose a paper whale-boat gig has been purchased, and will be put aboard the next vessel fitted out at the New York Navy-yard.

THE Austrian sculptor, Friedrich Beer, who lives in Paris, has discovered a process for making marble fluid and moulding it as bronze is moulded. The name of the marble thus treated is "beryt." The new process costs little more than plaster, and is especially well adapted to the ornaments of houses and the construction of floors, baths, and small pillars. A company has been organised in Paris to place beryt on the market.

PROBABLY the most expensive perambulator ever made was recently ordered by Mrs. Wilson Astor, wife of the New York millionaire, for a grandchild. It had wheels of oak, with springs of the finest steel, and a seat of shell-shaped bamboo. The seat is stuffed with fine hair and covered with white silk and white plush, tifted with white plush buttons. A tiny Persian rug of white with pink roses covers the floor. The parasol of heavy white satin is covered with finest Valenciennes lace, and lined with pink silk, and the family crest adorns the sides. The little heiress reposes in this abode of luxury, reclining on a pillow of down covered with fine linen, and a white China silk rug painted in pale blue asters and daisies, with a border of wild roses and a great bow of pink ribbon in one corner. The whole outfit cost £70.

THE problem of aërial navigation is to be solved for ever by a Flying-Machine which is now being made at Coventry—at least, the patentee says so, and he, of course, ought to know. He is a captain of engineers, now in India, and he has devised a sort of huge artificial bat, which is to be forty-five feet across from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other. It will have an indiarubber half-diamond head and tail, which, by their movements, will cause the machine either to ascend or descend, and it is to be propelled by electric accumulator machines, in course of construction by a London firm, with a special consideration to weight. This part of the machine will be by far the heavier, however much the makers may try to diminish the weight. The wings and body, when completed, it is aimed to get under 400 lbs. The frame is to be made of fine-drawn weldless steel tubes, covered with extra strong woven silk. The great aim in such appliances is, of course, to combine strength with lightness. In hollow steel tubes and silk both these essentialities are best obtained. This extraordinary vespertilian monster is not going to be made for a mere trifle. In fact, a rough estimate puts its cost at £1,000, and when the captain first doth fly abroad, may we be there to see.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

THE Dukes of Marlborough and Newcastle are cyclists.

PRINCESS LOUISE has two hobbies—painting and the collection of old silver.

THE Bonanza Queen, Mrs. Mackay, pays her cook £600 a year, and thinks him cheap at that.

THE old Duchess of Gordon used to say to her cronies: "You know, my dear, when I don't know how to spell a word I always draw a line under it, and if it is spelt wrong it passes for a very good joke, and if it is spelt right it doesn't matter."

PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG, like the Duke of Edinburgh, is a musician, and carries about with him, wherever he goes, a magnificent bass viol. During the Prince's recent visit to Grasse, the progress of the ponderous instrument formed a matter for great wonder and speculation. Most of the natives put it down to be a royal coffin.

MADAME CARNOT, the wife of the President of the French Republic, is not only a lady of rare natural intelligence, but as a translator of the works of John Stuart Mill she has won for herself an honourable position in the world of letters. She is highly educated and accomplished, and is a handsome brunette, with finely cut aquiline features, glossy black hair, and brilliant and expressive dark eyes. She owes much of the solidity of her acquirements to the constant and affectionate supervision of her education exercised by her distinguished father, Mr. Dupont White, the eminent political economist. Mdme. Carnot is, however, far from realizing the popular if erroneous idea of a literary lady, a being absorbed in books and in the labours of the pen, to the neglect of the graces and amenities of dress and of social intercourse. She is a charming hostess, and receives her guests with a genial cordiality that lends an added attraction to the official hospitalities at the Elysée. On public occasions she wins all hearts by the gentle courtesy of her manners. Her taste in dress is exquisite, and she understands the art of the toilette to perfection, never appearing in dresses that are too youthful or too simple for her age and station. She delights in costly laces, and has done much to win for this most artistic adjunct of a lady's garb a widespread renewal of popularity.

RANAVALOMANJAKA, Queen of Madagascar, chews tobacco.

MR. PAYN, the novelist, works from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. he plays whist. That is to say, he plays whist 626 hours in the year—twenty-six days in all.

MR. HENRY GEORGE has become an enthusiastic cyclist. He thinks the bicycle the grandest thing ever invented for man—next to his own schemes of land nationalisation, of course.

PRINCE WARAWAN, brother of the King of Siam, is engaged in translating the "Arabian Nights" into Siamese. The translation is being published in numbers, which are described as extremely well printed and illustrated with wood engravings.

MR. GLADSTONE is the owner of the largest lead pencil in the world. It was the gift of a pencil maker of Keswick, and is thirty-nine inches in length. In place of a rubber cap it has a gold cap. Its distinguished owner uses it for a walking-stick.

LORD SALISBURY writes clearly. So do Lord Rosebery and Lord Hartington. Mr. Gladstone's handwriting is spoiled by over-indulgence in post-cards. Mr. Balfour's hand is not pretty, and Mr. Goschen's is execrable. Mr. John Morley's hand has character, but is not always easy to read.

THE late Mr. Hankey, the builder of the highest buildings in London, known as Queen Anne's Buildings, used to reside on the topmost storey of the block. A Roman Catholic bishop once had occasion to call upon him, and the lift being out of order, the worthy prelate had to make the journey on foot. After much toil, he arrived, panting and blowing, at Mr. Hankey's door. When the servant appeared he was much startled by the question: "Are you St. Peter, my good man?" He evidently thought that he had climbed high enough to be at the portals of Heaven.

THE Empress of Austria is building herself a magnificent Pompeiian palace at Corfu, which will have cost nearly half a million sterling by the time it is ready for occupation. It is on a charming site on the top of a steep hill, and is being constructed of marble brought from Carrara, while the interior is to be decorated with the rarest woods. The gardens will be laid out in terraces, with fountains, and both house and grounds are to be illuminated by electricity. Three hundred men are now employed in the building operations.

NASMYTH, the inventor of the steam hammer, one day answered an advertisement for employment with a large shipbuilder. One of the partners began chaffing him about his name. He said: "Ye canna use a hammer, for your nae smith, as yer ain name tells."

Nasmyth replied: "Yer ain name tells a lee mair than mine, for, tho' ye call yersel' Elder, ye're only a bit laddie. But I'll let ye see my hammer gie ae stroke that will send a spike farther into the grund than a' yer thousand men could do, though they hammered for a hundred years." And he did it.

THE life led by the King and Queen of Roumania is one of constant hard work. In winter they live in Bucharest; in summer they retire to Sinaia, a health resort in the Carpathians that combines the grand scenery of Switzerland with the more lovely and romantic features of the Italian Alps. Here they have built for themselves, after their own designs, a quaint castle, whose architecture is a fantastic medley of the Roumanian and mediæval German styles.

But even here they get little rest. The conditions of the land require that the Sovereigns should always be visible, and at the beck and call of any one who likes to ask for them. In this semi-Oriental country Oriental customs prevail; the Sovereign cannot live in peaceful seclusion.

The Queen usually rises early—often as early as four—and works until eight, the only hours in the course of the day when she can be, as she phrases it, "woman and author;" the rest of the time she must be Queen. Both Sovereigns have often to talk for twelve or even fifteen hours at a stretch, and from this cause the Queen once temporarily lost her voice.

When she and the King sit down to dinner they are sometimes so tired they cannot speak a word. Yet early sleep is not theirs. Bucharest, it is said, is a very gay capital—the City of Pleasure it has been called—and a very late one. Gala performances, for example, do not begin till ten or twelve at night. The strain upon the physical and mental organizations of the Sovereigns is great, and especially upon the Queen, who is indefatigable. "Whirlwind" was the nickname she had at home, and which she has not lost. Never inactive herself, she will permit no idlers about her. She loves to surround herself with young girls, and incites them to utilise their talents by precept and example.

In her *salon* a republican spirit reigns; she admits of but one aristocracy—that of the heart and mind. Such are these rulers of Roumania, both of their way out of the common run—he for the clearness of his intellect and the sterling qualities of his character, she for her genius, her sweetness, and elevation of soul. Between them they have developed the institutions and internal resources of their land, and raised it to an honoured place among the nations.

HOW THE RICH LIVE.

NO. V.

MEN AND THEIR SHOPPING.

To "go a-shopping" is a familiar enough phrase, albeit it is one most often found in the mouths of women and children. There are, however, many men, and wealthy ones too, who own to a sneaking regard for this most interesting occupation. Everyone takes more or less pleasure in looking at shops and spending money at them. Modern conventionality, moreover, requires that a man be well and fashionably clothed, and demands as a first principle the possession of a silk hat, resplendent boots, and a pair of gloves.

Beyond this, and provided that garments are new and well cut, society's demands are not exacting, save to the slavish followers of fashion who love to be led along its tortuous paths, wearing collars of just the regulation height, ties of the latest size and stripe, coats cut to the newest shape, and nether garments—not for them indeed was the trousers'-stretcher invented—straight as a die, and of the most approved and perfect pattern.

It is not always the wealthiest men, however, who affect the most fashionable dress. Some take a pride in their eccentricity; but no one in "Society" can do this, unless he be a veritable Crœsus. The possession of an unlimited banking account will always cover a multitude of sartorial sins. We are told to

> "Look at a man to find his soul,
> And not at his coat to pick a hole;"

but inexorable fashion will seldom bestow any but the most cursory glance upon the mortal who is so heedless of her behests as to wear striped collars and baggy trousers.

To know where to buy is one of the first essentials in fashionable dressing, and my lord is sure to be *au fait* with the most accomplished tailors at home and abroad. A good tailor is a treasure, and, when once found, is not to be dismissed, save, of course, when his demands become too frequent and too pressing to be pleasant. The worthy tradesman, however, generally so prices his goods that he receives a good 10 per cent. upon his money during the time of waiting, and he generally estimates this at a period of five years.

It is a strange fact that however large a balance a rich man may have at his bankers', he will not accept the offer of a 10 per cent. or 20 per cent. discount for cash, but delights in leaving his bills unpaid until he is positively squeezed for the money. I know one member of the aristocracy, holding a high position, and possessed of great wealth, who runs bills as close to the seven years' limit as is possible, and who pays only under expostulations and legal threats.

The reason of this is to be found in the fact that men and women of wealth and fashion have a craving for change and for new things; they want everything in a hurry, and regardless of cost. My lord enters a well-known hosier's, and a conversation something like this takes place:—

"I want some ties. That's pretty, give me a couple of dozen."

"Any shirts, my lord?"

"Oh, send me three dozen. Gloves? Yes, I'm out of gloves. Two dozen pairs. That's a handsome dressing-gown. Can you make me one like that?"

"Certainly, my lord."

"Ah, by-the-bye, I had better have half-a-dozen silk suits and a couple of dozen handkerchiefs."

The ties probably cost 17s. 6d. each; the shirts, 25s.; the gloves, 12s. 6d. a pair; the silk underclothing, £7 7s. a suit; the handkerchiefs, 5s. each; and the dressing-gown, eighteen guineas.

The price is not asked, but when the accumulated bills are rendered they present so appalling a sight as to be immediately shelved for indefinite consideration.

Next to the tailor the hosier comes in for the chief share of patronage. The large amount of money spent in mere trifles is surprising, for the man of fashion does not buy in singles or in half-dozens, but gives repeated orders for four, or five, or six dozen of any particular article he may fancy. Many of these, of course, are wasted, left about at different hotels and houses, and often turned out of a wardrobe before they have been used, because something newer or more tasty has come into vogue. Those quiet shops in the West-End, which often display little more than a few silk hose and neckerchiefs, are the repositories of the finest of fine things which tempt the prodigality of the man of fashion when he "goes a-shopping."

The stove-pipe hat still remains a sign manual of "Society," although no sooner does a man turn his back upon London than he immediately sacrifices fashion to comfort, and betakes himself to the plebeian "bowler." A couple of guineas is the price paid by my lord for a "topper," and he will need at least a dozen during the season, for your society man thinks it bad form to carry an umbrella unless he can help it. So every shower in which he may be caught means the sacrifice of a hat.

My lord probably runs up tailors' bills amounting to at least £500 a year, and spends half as much as this at his hosier's; £40 is not too large a sum at which to put his annual expenditure on head-gear, and his bootmaker will sell him goods amounting to at least twice this value, for hunting "tops," and patent leather boots, when purchased at a West-End establishment, run into a great deal of money. In addition to this, there are a great many orders which come from the country. Hunting kits are very costly, and a man must have three or four suits of these, and the same number for riding and shooting purposes. Altogether, the titled man of fashion who dresses in the manner which is considered proper to his exalted position will spend at least a thousand a year on his clothes.

Another considerable item that the rich man has to face, is his tobacconist's bill. The sums breathed into air by a wealthy smoker in the course of a year are simply enormous. A really good cigar, as everyone knows, is an expensive luxury, and fastidious smokers will have nothing but a first-class "weed." In purchasing cigars and cigarettes, the proper thing is to go in for both quality and quantity.

My lord's stock being exhausted, he will think nothing of ordering twenty boxes of cigars if he finds a brand to suit his palate, at prices varying from £5 to £15 15s. per box of 100, whilst he will lay in a moderate store of cigarettes, fresh from the land of the Pharaohs, at 14s. per box of 100. And let it be said, this latter mild form of narcotic indulgence is much affected by the fair members of the Upper Ten, who well know where to buy and what to pay, and are not ashamed to talk of their delicate preference to their friends.

Cigars, when purchased by the thousand are generally left at the cigar merchants', who are in the best position to keep them in first-rate condition. They will be sent for a box at a time.

A cigarette after breakfast generally introduces the day's smoke, and this will be blown through an amber holder, worth from £4 to £5. After that my lord will tackle an eighteen-penny cigar on the way to his club, and when he has had lunch will take another. After dinner he will have a turn at the three-shilling box, and he generally manages to get through two or three of these. Supposing he gives away one cigar on an average per day, his weekly smoke bill will amount to between £4 and £5.

The wine merchant's bill is one that mounts up into very big figures. Both in town and country, my lord, if master of an establishment, is bound to keep a well-stocked cellar, and it constantly requires replenishing. At the beginning of the season he will pay a visit to his wine merchant, who probably will inspect the cellars personally. And then will come along ten to twenty dozen each of the choicest champagnes, clarets, sherries, and ports.

A bachelor, of course, finds his meals no small item of expenditure. He has to take his breakfast at his rooms, and he does not get invitations for luncheon and dinner every day of the week. When alone he will lunch at his club, and if an epicure will take his dinner at Epitaux or the Café Royal. A guinea is not considered an extravagant price for a meal at either of these places.

To the buying of jewellery and presents there is no end. Society people are very fond of making each other presents, while their birthday and marriage gifts are sufficient to keep scores of shops going. And the amount of money a young man will spend in a week upon his betrothed in the way of flowers, photographs, fancy articles, and jewellery generally, is enough to keep a labouring man and his family in luxury for a twelvemonth. Apart from this a man will be always treating himself to some expensive decoration or other that takes his fancy.

He may buy a gold watch which will cost him anything between £50 and £100, some diamond sleeve-links at ten guineas a pair, and a set of diamond studs at thirty guineas. And possibly he will not find them so much to his taste after purchasing as they appeared to be behind a plate-glass window, and they will get put on one side and seldom, if ever, worn.

Of course it is not every rich man who pays dearly for his whistle. Some very wealthy men are excessively mean and will walk a mile to save a penny. These are generally, however, men who have made their "pile;" the true-born aristocrat is always careless of cost. For this reason he prefers to deal with a West-End firm where he can receive unlimited credit, where the goods sold are of the finest, and where he receives the best attention from well-mannered men, in preference to purchasing at a cheaper rate from Stores.

In "Society," clothes hold a very exalted position, and a man is generally judged by the standard of his dress. Let him once appear in anything but faultless garb, and his reputation is gone:—

> "Through tattered clothes small vices do appear,
> Robes and furred gowns hide all."

This series has included articles on—

BOYHOOD AND SCHOOL LIFE.
LIFE AT THE 'VARSITY.
KEEPING UP A COUNTRY ESTABLISHMENT.
SOCIETY IN THE SEASON.

WHEN a man finds a button in his salad he will hardly take the excuse that it is part of the dressing.

"I SEE a good deal about a 'celebrated Beef Steak Club' in London," said an old lady, as she laid down her paper; and then she musingly added, "I don't see why they can't pound their steak with rolling-pins, as we do in the country."

"WHAT'S the matter?" the schoolmistress asked.
"Shoulders are sore, ma'am."
"What made them sore?"
"Dad hit his thumb with the hammer this morning, and I laughed."

DOCTOR: "Have you followed my advice and walked daily to improve the circulation of your blood?"
Fat Man: "No; you see, I have no time for walking, but every day after eating I have lain on the sofa for a couple of hours and kicked my legs in the air!"

VISITOR to menagerie (to manager): "What was the occasion of that unearthly scream I heard just now—somebody being murdered?"
Manager: "Oh, no; that was Mdlle. Zoosophy, the lion-tamer; a mouse ran across the floor and frightened her."

A NEW YORK paper tells of an ingenious Boston man who got a shock of electricity while in his bath the other day. He discovered that the electric railway's motive power was coming up his sewer-pipe. He made a few connections, and now has an electric fan, bells, and a burglar alarm, all for nothing. Boston is in Yankee-land.

"Do you know, Edith, I sometimes fancy baby will 'e like me," said Aunt Penelope, who has testamentary powers.
"Like you, Aunt Penelope? Dear me! I hope not," said Edith.
"You hope not! And pray why, Edith?"
Edith (suddenly recollecting herself in view of her Aunt Penelope's powers) replied: "Oh, good looks are frequently such a snare, you know, aunty!"

MONSIEUR X. called the other day at a house where the love of dogs is pushed almost to a mania. He was immediately surrounded by half a dozen of those animals, whose caresses, too demonstrative altogether, he repelled vigorously.
"Ah, monsieur," said the lady of the mansion, in a tone of displeasure, "one can see very well that you don't like dogs."
"Not like dogs, indeed!" he returned, indignantly; "why I ate more than twenty during the siege of Paris!"

ONE day, after dinner, two officers in a celebrated Irish regiment, and very intimate friends, having carried their badinage beyond the precision of military punctilio, a major and a captain, well known for their love of duelling, interfered, and at length gave the young friends to understand that they must have a shot or two at one another. As they walked to the field of blood, without a grain of animosity against one another, but no little displeasure against their friends, upon the occasion, who would listen to no excuse, apology, or explanation, Calamy, having a moment's opportunity of speaking to Trollope apart, whispered, "I'll fire at your second if you'll fire at mine."
"Agreed," replied Trollope.
When they came upon the ground, and all due preliminaries had taken place, off went their pistols in a straight line at their seconds. The major and the captain were startled, and were immediately very ready to settle the affair.

Cyclists must have their lamps alight at 8.15 p.m. on Tuesday April 28th, and about two minutes later for every succeeding evening during the week.

£100 INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS.

In addition to our unique Railway Insurance offer of £1,000, we insure Cyclists, in the event of death from Cycling Accidents, to the extent of £100. The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *or this notice, should be on the person of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.*

Signature _____

Available until midnight, May 5th, 1891.

A PRETTY WOMAN'S REVENGE.

A MARCHIONESS, who resides in the Legitimist faubourg of Paris, and who avoids the Napoleonites as "low," gives grand parties. To one of these an English lady took, we are told, uninvited, a pretty Frenchwoman, a friend of the Empress. The pretty woman made herself conspicuous by her prettiness, but the marchioness found out who she was, and was disgusted. She said to her:

"I am so conscious of the honour you have done me that I dare not expect a repetition of the unexpected compliment."

The pretty woman grew pale, but smiled, and requested an attendant to order her carriage. The pretty woman was clever, and finessed a revenge. She bribed the marchioness's personal attendant to give her the list of guests invited for the next *soirée*. Armed with this, she prepared a circular note, which she dispatched to each of the invited late in the afternoon of the appointed day: "The marchioness presents her compliments to So-and-so, and regrets that a domestic calamity will prevent her," etc.

She then went to a doctor, who was a great authority upon insanity, representing herself as the daughter of the marchioness, and acting with the consent of her ladyship's family. She told him that her mother, the marchioness, was afflicted with insanity, and that her madness lay in the delusion that she was always having great parties. For instance, if monsieur the doctor would go to her ladyship's house that evening, he would find her dressed in great splendour, with the *salon* illuminated, adorned with flowers, and buffets covered with refreshments.

The doctor went, on the understanding that he was to obtain the proper police authority to take the marchioness to a madhouse in the event of the representations made to him being confirmed by his own observation. He arrived at ten in the evening. He was the first—the only guest; and, though the marchioness did not remember his name she took it for granted that she had invited him, and was profusely civil

His manner puzzled and his questions startled her, and, as he grew more abrupt on his perception of her lunacy becoming more clear, she at last became offended and rang for her servants. At the same time he gave due intimation of his police authority, the climax being that she was taken off by the doctor in hysterics. She was detained as a prisoner in his asylum until the whole truth came out, when all Paris was in roars of laughter.

THE MOST LIBERAL RAILWAY INSURANCE EVER OFFERED.

Any number of claims made in one week recognised.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS

Will be paid to whomsoever the Proprietors of this Paper may decide to be the Next-of-Kin of any person who is killed in an accident occurring within the United Kingdom to a Railway Train in which he or she may be travelling. This payment will be made subject to the conditions and regulations mentioned below.

Either a complete copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, *or this notice, must be upon the person of the deceased at the time of the accident. The blank line in the middle of this notice must contain the usual signature of the deceased written either in ink or pencil. Death must occur within twenty-four hours of the accident, and application for payment of the Insurance Money must be made to the Proprietors of this Paper within seven days of its occurrence. This offer is not extended to Railway Servants on duty. Five hundred pounds of the above sum will be paid by the*

OCEAN

ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED,

Mansion House Buildings, London, E.C.,

and a further sum of £500 will be paid by the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

This paper is on sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls on Tuesday of each week, and a copy confers the benefits of this insurance system until midnight on the Tuesday following the date of publication. This offer is not confined to one claim, but will hold good for any number of individual cases. Not more than £1,000 will be paid on account of any one death.

Signature .....

Available until midnight, May 5th, 1891.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of this insurance has been paid up to May 26th. 1891., and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this company, against fatal railway accident to the extent and under the conditions mentioned above.

Secretary of the Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation Limited

THIEVES AND THEIR CHARMS.

FETISHISM of the rudest type, and what the mythologists have learned to call "animism," is part and parcel of the robber's creed. A regular thief has always in his pocket, or somewhere about his person, a bit of coal, or chalk, or a "lucky stone," or an amulet of some sort, on which he relies for safety in his hour of peril. Omens he firmly trusts in. Divination is regularly practised by him, as the occasional quarrels among thieves reported over the Bible and Key, and the Sieve and Shears testify.

The supposed power of witches and wizards make many of them live in terror, and pay black mail, and although they will lie almost without a motive, the ingenuity with which the most depraved criminal will try to evade "kissing the book," performing this rite with his thumb instead, is a curious instance of what may be termed perverted religious instincts. As for the fear of the evil eye, it is affirmed that most of the foreign thieves of London dread more being brought before a particular magistrate, who has the reputation of being endowed with that fatal gift, than of being summarily sentenced by any other whose judicial glare is less severe.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOREIGN LOTTERIES.

"SIR," begins the prospectus of which, probably, many of our readers have received copies, "I take the liberty to direct your attention to an enterprise which everywhere, and at every time, has excited the most unanimous and most deserved interest." The enterprise, a lottery, is, we are informed, unlike those of the Government (where "a man may live long and die without knowing the fate of a single one of his, however numerous, shares"), and it offers its "participators who desire to give a fair trial to Fortune" the advantages of rapid results, while they are asked to believe that "it needs no very extraordinary luck to win one of the great prizes."

The first page of the prospectus ends with the information that the lottery is "a lucrative concern," coupled with the wish on the lottery-tout's part that he "may soon be in the position of announcing to you some prize, thus counting you among the great number of those in your country who have received considerable sums by the medium of my house."

Three times we are told in large print that the lottery is "guaranteed by Government." Twice in small print it leaks out that "the Government of the Free City of Hamburg" guarantees it. The prospectus ends with a kind of postscript, headed "Nothing venture, nothing have!" and after again alluding to the "paramount advantages to participators," winds up with the remark, "Nobody should therefore abstain, without previous examination, from sharing in an institution which gives everyone a fair chance to obtain wealth and great riches at an outlay but trifling." The three words, "without previous examination," are printed in larger type than the rest of the sentence, and must therefore express something very important in German English. Fortunately they express something quite as important in English undefiled, so let us take the tout's unintentional advice and hold a "previous examination."

The lottery, we are told, consists of 100,000 tickets and 50,200 prizes. Further, it is divided into seven classes, which are drawn within five months. The unexplained meaning of this is that the prizes are divided into seven groups, or "classes," each group being drawn for separately. Each group is paid for separately, too. There are really 700,000 tickets, 100,000 for each section of the 50,200 prizes. But there are only 100,000 numbers. Thus we should have seven tickets to each number, and marked, say, "1 kl., 57," "2 kl., 57," "3 kl., 57," and so on up to "7 kl." in the case of each number.

The prices of these tickets vary from six to twenty-four shillings, beginning, for the sake of leading on "participators," with the lower sum; and a man may buy a quarter of a ticket for one group alone. This, therefore, may cost him as little as eighteen pence, but then, of course, he will only get a quarter of any prize that may fall to his number, and, moreover, only those prizes can be drawn which are allotted to his particular group, or "class," as the Germans call it.

But suppose a man determines to buy a whole ticket, and give himself a chance in all the seven classes, or, in other words, for any of the 50,200 prizes. He can do this for an outlay of six guineas, *plus* a total of four shillings for stamps and the various post-office orders sent at the beginning of each drawing. The cost, in fact, will be £6 10s. to an Englishman. Of this the Free City of Hamburg gets six guineas. On all the tickets taken together, then, the Free City gets 100,000 times this amount, *i.e.*, £630,000. It offers in prizes the magnificent sum of £519,250 5s. It pockets the odd £110,749 15s. It has two such lotteries annually. The present is the 300th. We therefore begin to see what is meant when it is called a "lucrative concern." If all the lotteries previous to this have been on the same scale, the Free City of Hamburg will have netted thirty-three odd millions of pounds by Michaelmas.

So much for the Free City. Next as to the "enormous chance of the participator." We will assume that he elects to "go the whole hog," and follow his number through all the classes. In that case he is one of a noble 100,000; he pays £6 10s., and there are 50,200 prizes open to him, of which he may win seven. However, he will have to buy a fresh ticket each time he wins a prize, as prize-winning numbers are cancelled for all the subsequent classes. This is one of the rules not appearing in the prospectus. These rules should always be applied for, if the ticket-holder can read German.

The seven highest prizes may bring him in £43,750. Unfortunately, the odds against his winning this sum are, in all probability, so far as can be judged from the details supplied, a great deal more than a 100,000 quadrillions to 1. But let him be comforted. The odds are slightly in his favour that he may win a prize of some sort. That prize, however, will probably be less than the money paid away. The odds are about 2 to 1 against his drawing a prize in excess of his stake. They are over 40 to 1 against his clearing £10. They are over 300 to 1 against his clearing £50.

As for sums of £100, £500, £1,000, £2,000, £3,000, and £4,000, the odds are about 480, 4,760, 7,690, 9,090, 14,284, and 25,000 respectively to 1 against him. He stands a 33,332 to 1 chance of winning £5,000 or upwards. He has about a 50,000 to 1 chance of winning a prize of £15,000, and a 99,999 to 1 chance of winning the highest prize of £25,000.

These figures are calculated on the assumption that the lottery is fairly conducted—an assumption which there is no easy means of verifying. From time to time we hear of lottery officials being tempted to play a little game of their own to the disadvantage of outsiders. It depends entirely on their setting a value of, say £50,000 per annum, on their honour; whether they do so or not must rest entirely with their own inclinations.

Such, then, is the result of our "previous examination in an institution which gives everyone a fair chance to obtain wealth and great riches at an outlay but trifling." The question remains, Why do so many fools all over Europe contribute to the revenues of the Free City of Hamburg?

The answer is simple. To them the figures expressing pounds sterling imply much; the figures expressing chances little or nothing. Let us try to give them a meaning. If Adam had taken a ticket steadily twice a year in the Hamburg lotteries from the date of creation down to the present time, he would have been far luckier than he had reason to expect if he was now the happy possessor of £3,000 from this source, and this at an outlay of about £80,000 on tickets, not counting the interest on his money. In other words, he would have been fortunate if he had only lost £77,000 and interest.

Again, if Brown and Jones each bought a copy of this week's *Pearson's Weekly*, and Brown secretly underlined a single *letter* on any of the first eight pages, telling Jones to point out in his own copy which letter in the eight pages it was, Jones would have a far greater chance of guessing rightly with only one try, than he would of gaining the highest prize if he spent £6 odd on a ticket in the Hamburg lottery.

Or give Jones the Eton school list, and let him say which boy will get up earliest to-morrow morning. His chance of selecting the right boy at the first guess and of winning anything over £100 in the lottery will be equal. But, let him observe that his expense of £6 10s. will be certain. Out of about 480 simpletons who each pay this sum, only one will clear his £100. And even he, if he continues to buy tickets long enough, is as certain as the sun is to rise to-morrow to lose far more than he has won unless he should be so lucky as to win another £100 or more before he dies, which is scarcely likely.

Let a man gamble at baccarat, let him bet on which of half-a-dozen sparrows will fly off a rail first, let him speculate on the fashionable colour for ladies to wear in the spring of A.D. 2000, let him back a horse for the coming Derby—all these are sober, wise, and rational ventures as compared with the investment of any sum from eighteenpence upwards in the purchase of tickets or fractions of tickets, in such lotteries as that of the Free City of Hamburg.

"YOU haven't heard anything until you have heard both sides," says a newspaper writer. It is pretty logic, but the big drum is one thing that refutes it.

LITTLE TOMMY (eldest of the family, at dinner): "Mamma, why don't you help me before Ethel?"

Mamma: "Ladies must always come first."

Tommy (triumphantly): "Then why was I born before Ethel?"

RUFUS CHOATE, the celebrated American lawyer, whose signature has been aptly compared to a gridiron struck by lightning, once had a singular experience. While having his house repaired he had promised to send the model for a carved mantelpiece. Failing to obtain what he wanted, he wrote to his carpenter to that effect. The carpenter eyed the missive from all points of view and finally decided that it must be the promised plan; and so he set to work to fashion what must have been the most original mantelpiece that ever ornamented a room.

FACTS.

TEN MILLION eels are annually consumed in London.

IN Lapland, dress fashions have not changed for 1,000 years.

NEARLY £70,000 has been spent in destroying locusts during the British occupation of Cyprus.

THE Chinese divide the day into twelve parts of two hours each. The Italians reckon the twenty-four hours round.

OF the old people in the United Kingdom above the age of sixty, rich and poor alike, one in seven is at the present moment in receipt of parish relief.

A TRAVELLER in the Malay peninsula says that the natives have in use there the smallest coin in the world. It is a wafer made from the resinous juice of a tree, and its value is estimated to be one-ten-thousandth of a penny.

HOW TO MAKE LUMINOUS PAPER.—A luminous waterproof paper, which may be of use in places not well adapted for the application of luminous paint, may be made from a mixture of forty parts pulp, ten parts phosphorescent powder, one part of gelatine, one part of potassium bichromate, and ten parts of water.

THE DIRTIEST NATIONS IN THE WORLD.—The Turks are supposed to be the dirtiest nation in Europe, but they are clean compared to the Persians, the dirtiest people in Asia; or to the native inhabitants of Western Zanzibar, the filthiest in Africa; or to the Patagonians, the least cleanly of all the peoples in America.

THE BIGGEST ZOO.—The Zoological Gardens of the South African Republic are the largest in the world. They consist of about twenty farms in the Lebombo region guarded by a whole tribe of Kafirs. Within this area there is perhaps every species of wild animal to be found in South Africa. This region is guarded by a special resolution of the Volksraad.

A NEW TOBACCO.—China is endeavouring to enter the lists as a competitor in the European tobacco market. A number of samples have been consigned this week to a well-known firm of London brokers, with a view to testing the suitability of the tobacco for the market. Japanese tobacco is already largely consumed in Europe, but the bulk of it goes to Antwerp, Amsterdam, and Hamburg, where, with the addition of the Sumatra or Havana leaf, it is made into cigars.

A NATURAL BIRD TRAP.—The flamingoes which fish in a lake near Mount Ascotan, in the Andes, do not appear to profit by the misfortunes of their ancestors. This sheet of water is fed by a hot spring, which raises the temperature of the lake in the immediate neighbourhood of its inflow. But the rest of this Alpine tarn is frozen every night. Accordingly, the Indians, knowing that if the birds fish in the colder places they will be frozen fast by their legs, visit it every morning to seize the imprisoned flamingoes before the hot sun thaws them out.

A CURIOUS USE FOR HONEY.—Dr. Hooker, the botanical traveller, in his Himalayan journals calls attention to the following curious use of honey, which very well shows its power of preserving organic substances from natural decay. The Khasias, a semi-civilised mountain tribe of Northern India, always dispose of their dead by cremation. As this process, however, can only be efficiently carried out in the dry season, their furnaces being constructed in the open air, they preserve the bodies of those who die during the rains in rudely-shaped troughs filled with honey.

A GIGANTIC TORTOISE.—We are all familiar with our little old-fashioned friend, the common Greek tortoise, so frequently sold in barrows on the streets, and which any grown person can easily hold in the palm of his hand. But comparatively few know that there is a relative of this species which, when mature, is so big and heavy that it requires six or eight men to lift it from the ground. The monster chelonian, or tortoise, referred to, inhabits the Galapagos, a group of islands off the coast of Peru, and is therefore known as the Galapagos tortoise. Some individuals of this gigantic species have a shell covering six feet in length, and afford (for they are considered edible delicacies), at least 200 lbs. of excellent meat when the head, feet, entrails, etc., have been removed, and the body properly cleaned for cooking.

A VERY BIG BUSINESS.—From the following statistics we find that they do things on a large scale in America. During twelve months the packing-houses of Chicago killed and packed 4,425,000 hogs and 1,008,000 beeves, their product going to all parts of the world. This represents a large proportion of the whole number of these animals in the States which are fatted to kill, for at the opening of this year it was estimated there were in the country of hogs of all ages 44,000,000, and of cattle, exclusive of milch cows, 33,000,000. The products of packing reach enormous figures, being no less than 1,055,000,000 lbs. of pork and lard for the year, and 573,000,000 lbs. of dressed beef. A very large proportion of the pork and lard, 810,000,000 lbs., was exported beyond the States, and of this ninety per cent. came to the United Kingdom.

KING ALFRED was personally engaged in fifty-six battles by sea and land.

NOT fewer than 20,000 Jewish refugees, all of the poorest type, have settled in London within the past three years.

THERE are forty-eight different materials used in constructing a piano, laying no fewer than sixteen different countries under contribution, and employing forty-five different hands.

IT is not generally known that the longest telegram ever dispatched to a newspaper, to be set up as news, was the entire New Testament as revised, which was telegraphed from New York to the CHICAGO TRIBUNE for the issue of May 22, 1882. Sixteen of the twenty pages of that issue were filled by the New Testament alone.

IF a Chinaman dies while being tried for murder, the fact of his dying is taken as evidence of his guilt. He has departed, but somebody must suffer, and his eldest son, if he has one, is therefore sent to prison for a year. If he has no son, then his father or brother gets a flogging. It's all in the family, and somebody has to pay for it.

BEDS are quite an innovation in Russia, and many well-to-do houses are still unprovided with them. Peasants sleep on the tops of their ovens; middle-class people and servants roll themselves up in sheepskins and lie down near stoves; soldiers rest upon wooden cots without bedding; and it is only within the last few years that students in schools have been allowed beds.

A HINT TO CHARITABLE SOCIETIES.—Charitable societies, anxious to raise funds for giving poor convalescents and children summer country trips, should take a hint from the Dutch. During the holiday season in Holland, one special society employs agents at each railway station to beg a florin (1s. 8d.) from everyone leaving for the seaside or the country. People are ashamed not to be generous when starting on a pleasure trip, so the society reaps a good harvest, and is able to send away many deserving poor.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.—The Venezuelan methods of collecting duties are peculiar. If a cooking stove has a brass knob on its door, the whole thing is weighed as so much brass, and duty charged accordingly. A barrel of flour costing a pound pays imposts, not only on the flour, but the staves, hoops, and heads, costing, when set down, with freight and duties added, three pounds. And yet, owing to cheap labour, bread is about as low in price and quite as good in Caracas as in London.

A QUEER LAW.—It was formerly compulsory that all persons should be buried in flannel gowns, and there was an Act of Parliament to that effect. The nearest relatives of the deceased person had to go before a magistrate and make oath that the body was buried according to the Act of Parliament—that is, in woollen. The object of this decree was the benefit of the wool trade, and our ancestors seem to have thought far more of the trade of the country than the cause of death of its inhabitants, for they possessed no registration.

THE KNIFE-GRINDER AND HIS WORK.—The knife-grinder is environed by dangers, as completely as he is saturated with the wet "swarff" (powdered stone) which dyes him a deep saffron colour from head to toe. He sits over a tool which at any moment may send him through the roof with all the suddenness and velocity of dynamite, and he works in an attitude and (especially if he be a "dry" grinder) inhales a dust which he knows will shorten his life by ten, twenty, or even thirty years as constitution and fortune may serve him. The sharp crack of a breaking stone is an appalling sound to the occupants of a grinding-hull. A bang in a trough, a crash in the roof, a piteous moan, and all is over. If the victim be alive he is hurried to the hospital; if dead, his crushed body is reverently carried away. No vigilance in the master, no care in the workman, seems able to avert these periodical catastrophes. The insidious water-rot, the hidden flaw, and the unequal grain do their fatal work in spite of all precautions.

LEARNING A FOREIGN LANGUAGE.—Some interesting statistics might be collected on the effect upon linguistic power and accent of the possession of a musical ear. It would seem that a person with a good ear for music would be more rapid in the acquirement of a foreign tongue, and, having acquired it, would possess a more perfect pronunciation of the sounds than would a person not having the same ready musical gift. Similarly, such a person would be quick to attain the dialect of the country in which he might be living, and to adopt his speech to the brogue or provincialism with which he found his ears surrounded. The great rapidity with which Germans, Poles, and Russians learn the English language is surely not to be accounted for merely by stating that their own more nearly resembles our language than does that of the French or Italian. A Greek, for instance, learns to speak English in about half the time it takes an Italian to acquire French; and a Russian will speak French, English, and German in the same period that a Frenchman will need to acquire a mere smattering of the two latter.

THE Queen's dogs, about forty in number, include Pomeranians, collies, fox-terriers, and Dachshunds.

THERE are 603 newspapers and journals (twenty-nine daily) issued within a radius of six miles from Charing Cross.

THE yearly loss of value in gold coins by wear and tear whilst in circulation has been found to amount to £400 in every £1,000,000.

IN the passing of Bills no British Sovereign has ventured to exercise the right of veto—that is, of withholding the royal assent—since 1707.

IF any of our readers want to encourage birds to come into their garden they should try hanging up a raw meat bone on a stick in the garden. It is considered a great delicacy by the feathered tribes.

IT is in this country that most salt is produced. The whole world's produce per annum is 7,300,000 tons. Of this quantity 5,280,000 tons are produced in Europe; and of the latter total Great Britain turns out 2,235,000 tons.

IT is not generally known that tobacco and cigars are supplied *ad libitum* to criminal lunatics in Broadmoor and Perth Penitentiary. This luxury costs the Treasury nothing, as the "weed" is provided gratuitously by the Commissioners of Customs out of confiscated goods seized at shipping ports.

IT is to the Rev. Henry Duncan, minister of the parish of Ruthwell, Scotland, that the people really owe their savings' banks. In 1810 he established in his parish "A Parish Bank Friendly Society." The principles on which it was founded were so highly approved that, by 1817, there were established throughout the country not fewer than seventy-eight savings' banks.

THE House of Commons is protected from fog by the following method, which is both ingenious and expensive. The air pumped in from the river terrace is forced by steam fans through thick layers of cotton wool, which retain all impurities, leaving the air in a state of great purity. The layers of cotton wool are six inches in thickness, and occupy an area of 800 square feet.

A PORTION of the marble figure of a bull, which has been brought home from Ephesus, has been landed at Sheerness, and is intended to be sent to the British Museum. The piece of sculpture, which probably only formed a small portion of the original figure, weighs four and a half tons. The head of the animal is beautifully carved, and there is a figure of a goddess on the fore part of the body.

A LONDON broker having dealings with Holland is accustomed to send parcels of bonds to Amsterdam at letter rate, and the postage frequently amounts to 17s. or 17s. 6d. But, by an arrangement with the receivers, he places upon the parcel a stamp for £1, the apparent loss being turned into a real gain by the fact that English stamps of that denomination are so rare in Holland that the Dutch "philatelists" readily pay 9s. a-piece for them.

REIGNS OF THE POPES.—Leo XIII. is the 253rd Pope. Of the total 253 successors of St. Peter, fifteen have been Frenchmen, thirteen have been Greeks, eight have been Syrians, six have claimed Germany for their birthplace, five have hailed from Spain, two were from Africa, two from Savoy, which was also the number sent by England, Sweden, Dalmatia, Holland, Portugal, and Crete. Italy caps the climax with a total of 194, all since 1523 having been selected from among Italian cardinals. Eight of the number did not live a month after succession; forty lived less than a year, and twenty-two died when they had been less than two years on the pontifical throne, fifty-four between four and five years, fifty-seven when they reigned less than ten years, fifty-one before they had finished the fifteenth year, and eighteen died after reigning between fifteen and twenty years. Only nine lived over twenty years after their elevation to the "Chair of St. Peter." Pius IX., who died during the early part of 1878, reigned longer than any of his predecessors, his pontifical life extending over a period of thirty-one years.

Below are the names and addresses of the twenty-five readers, who, in consequence of our notice last week, first informed us that the last "s" in the word "husband's," on page 632, col. 2, line 3, was printed upside down, as it is here. A gold-plated pencil case has been forwarded to each of them:—

Mr. Louis W. Kellett, 17, Ransler Road, Lordship Lane, East Dulwich; Mr. Isaac, 20, Catherine Street, Devonport; Mr. A. J. Hammond, 6, Brockley Road, Lewisham High Road, S.E.; Mr. A. J. Stone, 14, Upper Coombe Street, Croydon; Mr. H. J. Saunders, 18, Brighton Terrace, Brixton Road, S.W.; Mr. Richardson, 62, Roe Green, Worsley, Manchester; Mr. H. R. Jones, Fire Station, Barking Road, Canning Town, E.; Mr. W. H. Dyke, Steer Cottage, Ascot; Mr. James Thaine, 85, Noel Street, Islington, N.; Mr. J. W. Tickell, Waterloo Station, S.E.; Mrs. J. Bartlett, Wote Street, Basingstoke; Mr. H. Lehman, 16, Cromwell Street, Nottingham; Mr. C. G. Willson, 620, Harrow Road, W.; Mr. C. T. Norman, 17, Gateford Road, Worksop; Mr. R. Knights, 44, Rolleston Street, New Swindon, Wilts; Mr. F. E. Cornwall, 110, Shepherd's Bush Road, W.; Mr. H. W. Brown, Brookstall, Sheerness-on-Sea; Miss Laura F. Grace, 75, Willford Road, Nottingham; Mr. J. W. Cooper, 1, Ebenezer Terrace, Clayton Street, Nottingham; Miss G. M. Bolton, Post Office, Wilford Road, Nottingham; Mr. W. C. Wooldridge, Ashdown Road, S. Walden, Essex; Mr. W. Rogers, 107, Wyndham Road, Camberwell, S.E.; Mr. E. B. Smith, Clifton Villas, Fairycroft Road, Saffron Walden; Mr. L. Jealous, Church Street, Saffron Walden; Mr. T. Roberts, 26, Model Dwellings, Gun Street, Blackfriars, S.E.

FICTION.

Mr. Butterwick's Gas Bill.—During the cold weather that we had last winter the gas meter in Mr. Butterwick's house was frozen. Mr. Butterwick attempted to thaw it out by pouring hot water over it, but after spending an hour upon the effort he emerged from the contest with his hair full of dust and cobwebs and his temper at fever heat.

After studying how he should get rid of the ice in the meter, he came to the conclusion that he would use force for the purpose, and so, seizing a hot poker, he jammed it through a vent-hole and stirred it round inside the meter with a considerable amount of vigour. He felt the ice give way, and he heard the wheels buzz round with rather more vehemence than usual. Then he went up stairs.

He noticed for three or four days that the internal machinery of the meter seemed to be rattling about in a remarkable manner. It could be heard all over the house, but he was pleased to find that it was working again in spite of the cold weather, and he retained his serenity.

About two weeks afterwards his gas bill came. It accused him of burning during the quarter 1,500,000 feet of gas, and it called on him to settle to the extent of nearly £300,000.

Before Mr. Butterwick's hair had time to descend after the first shock he put on his hat and went down to the gas office. He addressed one of the clerks.

"How much gas did you make at the Blank works last quarter?"

"I dunno; about half a million feet, I suppose."

"Well, you've charged me in your bill for burning three times as much as the works made. I want you to correct it."

"Let's see the bill. Hm-m—this is all right. It's taken from the meter. That's what the meter says."

"Suppose it does, I couldn't have burned more than you made."

"Can't help that. The meter can't be wrong."

"Well, but how d'ye account for the difference"

"Dunno. 'Tisn't our business to go poking about after scientific truth. We depend on the meter. If that says you've burned six million feet, why you must have burned it, even if we never made a foot of gas out at the works."

"To tell the honest truth," said Butterwick, "that meter was frozen, and I stirred it up with a poker, and sent it whizzing round."

"Price just the same," said the clerk. "We charge for pokers just like we do gas."

"You're not actually going to have the audacity to ask me to pay £300,000 on account of that poker?"

"If it was £600,000 I'd take it with a calmness that would surprise you. Pay up, or we'll turn off your gas."

"Turn it off and be hanged!" exclaimed Butterwick, as he emerged from the office tearing his bill to fragments. Then he went home, and grasping that too lavish poker, he approached the meter. It had registered another million feet since the bill was made out. It was running up a score of a hundred feet a minute. In a month Butterwick would have owed the gas company more than the amount of the national debt. So he beat the meter into a shapeless mass, tossed it into the street, and turned off the gas inside the cellar.

He is now sitting up at nights writing an essay on "Our Grinding Monopolies" by the light of a paraffin lamp.

The first hatters, who appeared in Nuremberg in 1630, were known as Filzkappenmacher. It must have been a big undertaking for a Nuremberg street arab to say, "Who's your hatter?"

If children were taught to say "mother," instead of "ma," the blood-curdling cry of a young goat in the adjoining field would never cause an anxious parent to rush out and see what was the matter with her darling.

Days of Horror.—First Traveller: "I was in Paris during the siege."

Second Traveller: "I was in New York during the great riots."

Third Traveller: "I was in Scotland when the railway strikers paraded the streets with bagpipes."

A lady, in her lecture on "The Loves of Great Men," asserts that the planets revolve round the sun by the influence of love, like a child revolves about its parent. When the writer was a boy he used to revolve round his parent a good deal, and may have been incited thereto by love, but to an unprejudiced observer it looked powerfully like a trunk strap.

An Unprecedented Feat.—Sniffkins: "Ye gods! Look at Briggs. Isn't he stuck up? What's the matter with him that he's grown so proud all of a sudden? Has he made a fortune, or—"

Blimley: "No; his wife sent him to town the other day to match some cloth for a dress, and he came within two shades of getting it right."

The Comic Antique.—An Old Joke once hobbled into the padded room infested by the professional Funnyman of a newspaper, while writing his weekly grist of Original Selections from the Ancient Humourists. This Compiler of Pleasantries of the Past was busy revamping a joke which the late Joseph Miller, Esquire, introduced on the last page of his justly celebrated work merely to "fill up," but he glanced up cheerfully as the Old Joke dragged himself in.

"Sir," said the Old Joke, in feeble accents, "I am cast out and deserted by all; I did not even get into the almanacs this year; take me in and use me in next week's issue, or I die."

"And that I durst not do," replied the Humorous Party. "Though I am a man of Ancient Humour and acquainted with Aged Wit, still I cannot use you; 'twould cost me my job; even now they say the proprietor turns from my column to the obituaries for relief. You know you were old when the foundation of Rome was laid."

"I was contemporaneous with our first parents in the Garden of Eden," answered the Old Joke, proudly. "I am the Wandering Jew among jokes. Still, it is hard to be left without a place to lay my head at this late day."

"It is," admitted the Jester, putting his gum-brush in the inkstand.

"Six months ago," mused the Old Joke, half speaking to himself, "I had hope of getting another engagement with Punch. But it cannot be; I am cast out from my natural home."

"It is sad," returned the Jocularity Gentleman; "but I will tell you what you can do. Go to one of our popular after-dinner speakers, Parliament man, or retired army officer preferred, get on his staff, and you will be all right. He will tell you on all occasions, and newspapers that scorn you now will print you as new on the strength of your patron's endorsement."

A moment later the Old Joke's crutch was heard sounding along the pavement on his way to the House of Commons.

A Household Idyll.

Katy was a raw recruit from Ireland's verdant shore,
Greener than the grass that grew beside her cabin door.
Katy smashed her weight in China, broke the bank in glass;
Nearly sent us all aloft by blowing out the gas;
Boiled the radishes for dinner (something quite unique);
Scoured the silver spoons with brickdust; made the kettle leak.

Katy had a host of cousins—half a score, I think—
Always dropping in at mealtimes after food and drink.
Loud the cheerful Irish voices floated up the stairs
Just at times when callers' presence chained us to our chairs.
And such cooking! Drenched potatoes, greens we couldn't take,
While a charred and smoking ruin was our choice beefsteak.

But a willing mind had Katy, so we tried our best,
Taught her well in all things, never taking rest.
Persevered, for cooks are precious in a country place,
So we kept on teaching Katy with the best of grace.
And in time, our task rewarded, Katy learned to bake,
Boil and fry, make soups and puddings, even fancy cake.

Courage, then, my weary sister, with the raw recruit,
All you need is loving patience, it will bear its fruit,
We have found it so with Katy, though 'twas hard at first;
She became the best of servants who had been the worst,
And at last when she had learned to cook and serve with grace,
Katy left us without warning for another place.

A man of strong feelings, who last summer owed a good deal of money, said, "It is fiendish for a man's creditors to all range themselves on the shady side of a street when he goes out, and make him walk in the sun. I believe it's unconstitutional thus to use heaven's sunlight to help to collect a bill."

Rather a funny story reaches us in connection with automatic chairs. A gentleman seated himself on one of these chairs in a public garden, and fell asleep. When he awoke he found the gardens deserted, and at once concluded that they were closed, and that he had been shut in. Rising quickly, the seat shut up with a bang, and on attempting to move away he discovered that his coat had been caught in the mechanism. The only way to release himself was to drop a penny into the slot and open the seat again. But here a difficulty arose; he hadn't a penny in his pocket, or, indeed, anything less than a half-crown. For a time he shouted and yelled, but no reply came, so with much anguish he slipped the half-crown in, and became a free man again. There is now a nice little dispute in progress, the unfortunate victim claiming his half-crown, and the proprietors of the chair declining to refund.

"Don't Stir!"—When that eminent scientist, Professor Ectric, had been courting Mr. Hobbs' daughter for several years, he proposed to her, and she accepted him. Afterwards they referred the matter to Mr. Hobbs, and found, to their surprise, that he objected.

Anna Maria, who was not excitable, encouraged her lover to believe that "papa would get over his spell of temper" before long; but the professor was impatient. As the months passed by and changed into years, he felt hope depart from his bosom, and finally Mr. Hobbs received the following note:—

"Dear Sir,—Having at last become convinced by your arguments that I should not be a suitable husband for your highly respected daughter, I beg to be forgiven for my persistency, and desire to renew our old friendship. I will not intrude on your privacy, but should take it as a favour if you would meet one or two scientific gentlemen at my to-morrow evening. Yours ever, E. L. Ectric."

Mr. Hobbs read this twice before he answered in the affirmative, but he saw no trap in it. He had liked the professor very much, and had liked also to meet the celebrated men who were to be found at his rooms, and to be spoken of as a patron of science.

Accordingly it was not without pleasure that he rang the professor's bell on the appointed evening, and was ushered into the room, where, amidst tokens of scientific research, were also to be seen bottles and decanters in a row, plates of biscuits, and lobster salad, evident preparations for a feast other than that of reason, and a flow of something else besides soul.

Perhaps, also, there were to be some experiments of interest, for in a corner stood a long cylinder of copper, wrapped about with red cords, the ends of which were fastened to the floor by a series of brass nails.

"Happy to see you, sir," said the professor. "Pray be seated."

The two men shook hands, and Mr. Hobbs sunk into the great arm-chair to which the professor pointed.

"Where are the other fellows?" he said.

"They are coming, sir," said the professor, in a strange voice. "But before they come, I have a word to say to you. Don't stir!"

"Why not?"

"You are safe in that chair," said the professor, "at least, at present. But if you should rise, the action would cause a break in the electric current, and you would die instantly. This battery"—and he pointed to the copper cylinder—"is connected with your chair by wires that pass under the carpet. Where I sit I have but to touch a button, and you will be, so to speak, struck by lightning. Wait! I wish you a long life and great happiness. I love you as if you were my own brother, but I love your daughter more. I must have her. You are her tyrant—her gaoler. I must have assurance, before witnesses, that you will not prevent our union. The other men are coming. All you have to do is read what I have written on this paper to them."

He placed a sheet of foolscap, covered with writing, in his hand, and the next instant the door opened, and four gentlemen were ushered in. They all shook hands with Mr. Hobbs, who said to each in turn:

"Excuse my rising—a little attack of gout," and looked helplessly at the professor, who responded with stern frowns, and who, as soon as all were seated, spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, you are assembled to witness a reconciliation between my old friend Mr. Hobbs and myself. He has told me that he is about to read a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, and as they will make me very happy, I am anxious to hear them. Proceed, Mr. Hobbs, I beg."

And Hobbs read:

"My Dear Old Friend, Professor Ectric,—I have known you long and loved you well; you have known and loved me; but for various reasons I have long opposed your suit for my daughter's hand. Those reasons are now removed. I here declare, before these friends, that I welcome you as my future son-in-law most heartily, and that, on your wedding day, I will settle upon my daughter the sum of one thousand pounds a year. My opposition to the match has been public, therefore I make my removal of it public also. You may be married to-morrow if you like, and I desire you to express your approval of my act openly."

The words uttered, the paper dropped from his hands, and he sat listening to the congratulations of the little party like a man falling into a trance; and the professor crossed the room and whispered,

"Rise, and come with me. You are safe."

Mr. Hobbs struggled out of the chair, and the colour returned to his face. He was the hero of the evening, but he was careful not to approach the great arm-chair.

He felt that he could not revoke words that brought him so many compliments, and that a man who possessed such awful powers over life as did the professor was a better friend than he was an enemy.

He was taken home in triumphant procession, the hero of the hour, at twelve o'clock. The wedding took place in a brief space of time, and Anna Maria had her thousand a year. But the fun of the evening occurred when the four confederates unwound the window-cords from an old copper kitchen boiler, took up the brass-headed nails with a tack-hammer, and carried the whole harmless paraphernalia down to the cellar with shouts of joy.

"TWO AND A BIT."

IT is so many years since Lord Young was in the House of Commons, that his name is unfamiliar to the present House. But some there are who remember the good things he used to say. He maintains the reputation of the judicial Bench in Edinburgh.

One day he was sitting in the Court of Appeal with another judge, also a tolerably big man. It is necessary before a Court of Appeal can be formed that three judges shall sit. On this occasion another judge of remarkably diminutive proportions was brought in, and took his seat on the Bench. Lord Young has a habit, much regretted at the Scottish Bar, of constantly interrupting counsel—a habit which is, indeed, not confined to the Scottish Bench. He was unusually provocative on this occasion, to the evident annoyance of the little gentleman who had been brought in to make the quorum. After standing it as long as he could, his diminutive lordship observed in his blandest tones:

"Perhaps now we may have the advantage of hearing the counsel."

Lord Young said nothing; but the way he glared on his colleague showed how sharply he felt the reproof. When the case was over, the judges left the Bench. Lord Young, in passing, said to a learned friend, in a voice audible all over the court:

"At one time it used to be necessary that we should have three judges to form a quorum; now it appears that two and a little bit will do."

LOVE ODDITIES.

A KNIGHT is the hero of a singular tale of love and oddity. Sir Samuel Smith, an attorney, who was knighted for services rendered in the great case, *Throgmorton* v. *The Earl of Bute*, was stolen in childhood, and could give no other information about himself than that his name was "Sammy Smith." Running away from his captors, who had treated him brutally, the poor child was injured in the street, and carried to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. A kind-hearted nurse took a fancy to the friendless boy and adopted him. As he grew up he often accompanied his foster-mother to the hospital, and displayed great assiduity as a volunteer attendant on the sick.

In this way he chanced to render services to a lawyer, named Firmin, by whom he was employed, first as a copying clerk, and then in a capacity which resulted in Smith being regularly admitted to practise as a solicitor. Mr. Firmin's criminal practice was chiefly conducted by his assistant, who speedily attained a considerable reputation by his skill in conducting the defence of persons accused of crime.

Among others for whom Smith was thus concerned was a young woman, named Phœbe Somers, of great beauty, but very illiterate, who was accused of attempting to poison her mother. The circumstances connected with the trial, though interesting, are too complicated to be given at length. Suffice it to say that young Smith fell desperately in love with his interesting client, who consented to become his wife if he could save her from the doom that threatened her.

Fully convinced of his lover's innocence, Smith worked hard in getting up her defence. A girl named Susan Nugent, whom he had occasionally met at some amateur theatricals, and who had resolved, if possible, to secure the young lawyer for herself, at length hinted that it was in *her* power to give the clue needed to establish the prisoner's innocence. The secret, however, she would not part with except at the price of a marriage with herself.

In this cruel fix Smith consented to sacrifice himself for the sake of the woman he loved, and on the morning of the day fixed for the trial he was married to Susan Nugent. The latter faithfully fulfilled her part of the contract, and supplied such information as enabled the prisoner's counsel to show that the poor girl was the victim of a false charge, and she was of course acquitted. Smith immediately disappeared with his wife, his marriage with whom had been secret. Neither Mr. Firmin, nor the girl for whom the great sacrifice had been made, was aware of the cause of his disappearance.

After some years spent as a strolling player, Smith returned to Mr. Firmin's service, and ultimately succeeded to his practice, thus becoming a moderately rich man. With the wife, to whom he had been thus strangely united, he seems to have lived comfortably, if not happily; but both Mrs. Smith and her children died, and the lawyer was left a lonely, melancholy man.

What had become of Phœbe Somers he could not learn. At length, when he had become wealthy and renowned, he was one day waited upon by the daughter of his early love. He learned that some time after her acquittal she had stepped into a situation, which was followed by a happy marriage, and it was only when legal advice was needed by Phœbe's husband, in reference to some property, that the help of the shrewd lawyer was sought, and thus the mystery was explained.

Another titled victim of the tender passion was Sir John Dineley. This eccentric baronet was of the family of the Dineleys of Charlton, and was descended by the female line from the Royal house of Plantagenet. Having dissipated the wreck of the family estates, he obtained the pension of a "poor knight of Windsor."

His chief occupation thenceforth consisted in advertising for a wife, and nearly thirty years were passed in assignations to meet the fair respondents to his advertisements. His figure was most grotesque. In wet weather he was mounted on a pair of high pattens; he wore the coat of the Windsor uniform, with an embroidered velvet waistcoat, satin breeches, silk stockings, and a full-bottomed wig. In this finery he might be seen one day strolling at his ease, and the next out marketing, carrying a penny loaf, a morsel of butter, a quartern of sugar, and a farthing candle. Twice or thrice a year he went to London, visiting Vauxhall Gardens and the theatres. He estimated his fortune—if it could only have been recovered—at £300,000.

He invited the widow as well as the blooming maiden of sixteen to correspond with him, addressing them in printed documents, bearing his signature, in which he specified the amount the ladies must possess. He expected less with youth than with age or widowhood; adding that few ladies would be eligible who did not possess at least £10,000 a year, which, however, was nothing compared to the honour his high birth and royal descent would confer. To the last he cherished the expectation of forming a matrimonial connection with some lady of property; but, after all, died a bachelor in 1803.

The following is a copy of one of his advertisements:—

"To the angelic fair, of true English breed. Sir John Dineley, of Windsor Castle, recommends himself and his ample fortune to any angelic beauty of good breed, fit to keep up the name of an ancient family ennobled by deeds of arms and ancestral renown. Fortune favours the bold. Such ladies as this advertisement may induce to apply or send their agents (but not servants or matrons) may direct to me at the Castle, Windsor. Happiness and pleasure are agreeable objects, which should be regarded as well as honour. The lady who thus becomes my wife will be a baronetess, and rank accordingly as Lady Dineley, of Windsor. Good and favour to all ladies of Great Britain. Pull no caps on his account, but favour him with your smiles, and pæans of pleasure await your steps!"

Of oddities in the shape of matrimonial advertisements, the newspapers have, at various times, supplied an almost inexhaustible store. The following is certainly second to none in quaintness. It was published in *Bell's Messenger*, of May 28th, 1797, and was there stated to be a recent extract from a Cumberland newspaper:—

"May no miscarriage prevent my marriage! Matthew Dawson, in Bothwell, Cumberland, intends to be married in Holm Church on the Thursday before Whitsuntide next, whenever that may happen, and to return to Bothwell to dine. Mr. Reid gives a turkey to be roasted; Edward Clementson gives a fat lamb to be roasted; Joseph Gibson gives a fat calf to be roasted; William Elliott gives a hen to be roasted; and, in order that all this roast meat may be well basted, do you receive, Mary Benson, Betty Hodgson, Mary Bushley, Molly Fisher, Sarah Briscoe, and Betty Porthouse give, each of you, a pound of butter. The advertiser will provide everything else for so festive an occasion. And he hereby gives notice to all young women desirous of changing their condition, that he is at present disengaged; and advises them to consider that, although there be luck in leisure, yet, in this case, delays are dangerous, for, with him, he is determined it shall be first come first served.

'So come along lasses, who wished to be married
Mat Dawson is vexed that so long he has tarried.'"

Whether the event came off on the appointed day history does not say; but it is amusing to note the confidence with which Matthew names the day even before he has chosen the lady upon whom he will confer his name. It is to be hoped that the bounty of his neighbours in supplying so much "roast meat" was not in vain.

"HAVE you anything to say, prisoner, before sentence is passed upon you?" asked the judge.

"No, my lord, except that it takes very little to please me."

MINERALOGICAL PROFESSOR: "Now I ask you, as a practical miner, what spade do you think is the very best?"

Student (scornfully): "Why, the ace, of course."

REPORTER: "I have a great scheme."

City Editor (eagerly): "What is it?"

Reporter: "Let me have £5, and I'll write up a three-column sensation on 'How it feels to have a new suit.'"

SCENE—Farmyard.—Small Child (to her mother): "Mamma, why do the chickens eat lime?"

Mother: "To make shells for their eggs, my dear."

Small Child: "Then, mother, if they didn't eat any lime, would they lay poached eggs?"

MOTHER: "Why, Johnny! What on earth have you been doing?"

Johnny: "Fight'n! And you owe me half-a-crown on it. You know that tooth you was going to pay a dentist to draw?"

"Yes."

"Well, Billy Biffer knocked it out."

NOT TO BE BLOWN OUT.

THE world progresses so fast that it is hard for some people to keep up with it. A young countryman came up to London the other day and remained over night at an hotel. He retired at ten o'clock, and about midnight the hall-porter noticed a peculiar odour, as of burning cloth. He roused the manager and called a policeman, and the three men at once began an investigation. They were not very long in locating the seat of the trouble in the young countryman's room, and a few minutes' hammering brought him to the door, with a request to know what they wanted. As soon as the manager entered the room he saw the cause of the alarming odour. The guest had wrapped a towel round the incandescent electric light globe, and it had become scorched.

"What on earth do you mean by this?" demanded the manager.

"The light hurt my eyes, and I wanted to shade it," explained the young fellow.

"Why didn't you put it out, then?"

"Well," answered the countryman, apologetically, "I blew and blew at the thing till I thought I'd go to pieces, and then I gave it up."

Well, they did the job for him, and with sorrowful faces left him to repose.

CYCLING has been recommended as a means of reducing fat, and a young man who has tried says it is a capital thing. He has been falling off ever since he bought his machine.

IT is right and proper for a man to be considerate and self-denying towards youngsters, but the man who recently refused to eat whitebait because he would be robbing the cradle of the deep slightly overdid it.

A MAN who was well dressed but without a sixpence in his pocket bespoke a most admirable dinner at a well-known restaurant, and enjoyed it; he then gave this order to the obsequious waiter.

"And now, my man, you may bring a policeman."

A CUSTOMER with about three hairs left out of his original stock of capillary attractions took possession of a chair in a barber's shop.

"I shall want the parting made in the middle," he said to the attendant who waited on him.

The latter studied the bald cranium for some time, and then, asked with a puzzled expression: "but, please, sir, what shall I do with the third hair?"

HEAD OF THE FIRM (to applicant for the position of office boy): "You've never worked in a business office before, and can't read or write? Then what the plague do you mean by coming here? Where have you been all your life, you young scamp?"

Applicant: "I wuz working in Porter's stables last, an' I—"

Head of the Firm: "My dear fellow! Sit down here—have a cigar, won't you? Now, tell me candidly, what do you think of 'Raceland' for the Monmouth Cup?"

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

WE are going to try if we can so arrange that our readers will benefit themselves, us, and one another during the coming summer—themselves by turning holiday experiences to profitable account—us by providing an interesting feature for the paper—one another by showing how a holiday can be best spent.

Our past experience in the conduct of a popular journal, tells us that, during the summer months, the interest taken in a Weekly Prize Story Competition greatly decreases.

We propose, therefore, with our issue for next week, to drop the Prize Story until the end of September, substituting for it a weekly article under the general heading HOLIDAY HAUNTS. These articles we wish our readers to contribute. They must be about 1,000 words (or a column of the paper) in length, and we shall pay TWO GUINEAS for the best to hand every week, publishing it with the author's name and address. Competitions should be marked "Holiday" on the envelopes.

The articles must of course be original, and the actual experiences of readers during holiday trips. There is no reason why anybody should not try for the prize, for we shall not study literary style so much as good matter.

We shall each week award the prize to the competition which seems to us of most general interest and utility.

We do not undertake any responsibility with regard to the safe return of unsuitable MSS., though every care will be taken to send back those with which stamped envelopes are enclosed. The rest will be destroyed.

OUR PRIZE STORY.

The following story, sent by

Mr. T. Y. WHITEHEAD,
Commercial Street,
Brighouse,

is the best received. We have therefore forwarded him a cheque for Two Guineas.

A GRATEFUL PATIENT.

Dr. Tibbits stood in his porch and looked up and down the deserted High Street of Guildbury with a contented smile, the while he buttoned his driving-gloves. The little doctor had good cause to be content with himself and with everything else—with his growing practice, with his comfortable house, and with the world in general.

There was no one about, but this was not to be wondered at, for a circus had just come into Guildbury.

The doctor was climbing into his gig when a yell startled him. A freckled boy with saucer eyes dashed round the corner.

"Doctor!" he gasped, "come quick! The circus has got a fire, an' the best elephant's bein' roasted!"

"Get in here with me," said the doctor, "and if I find you're trying to be funny, I'll drop you in the river."

When they reached the circus grounds they found a crowd round a small tent. A strong odour of burnt leather confirmed Johnny's story. Dr. Tibbit pushed his way through the throng, and gazed upon the huge beast, lying on her side on the grass, her broad shoulders charred and quivering. Her bulk expanded and contracted with spasms of agony, and from time to time she uttered a moaning sound. On her head was a structure of red cloth about the size of a bushel basket, apparently intended to look like a soldier's forage cap.

By her side stood her keeper and the proprietor of the show, a large man with a dyed moustache, a wrinkled face, and hair oiled and frizzed. These two bewailed their loss alternately.

"The best elephant in the business," cried the showman. "Barnum never had no trick elephant like Zenobia. Oh, there's been a blight on me since I showed agˈinst the Sunday school picnic!"

"That there elephant's been like my own child," groaned the keeper. "I've slep' alongside of her every night for fourteen whole years."

The doctor had been carefully examining his patient.

"If there is any analogy—" he began.

"Neuralogy!" snorted the indignant showman; "'t ain't neuralogy, you pill-box, she's *cooked*."

"If there is any analogy," repeated Dr. Tibbit, flushing a little, "between her case and a human being, I think I can save your elephant. Get me a barrel of linseed oil, and drive these people away."

The doctor's orders were obeyed with eager submission. He took off his coat, and went to his work. He had never doctored an elephant, and the job interested him. At the end of an hour, Zenobia's sufferings were somewhat alleviated.

"I'll call to-morrow at noon," said the doctor.

When Dr. Tibbit called at twelve on the morrow, he found Zenobia's tent neatly roped in, an amphitheatre of circus benches constructed round her, and this amphitheatre packed with people.

"Got a shilling apiece from them," whispered the showman, "jest to see you dress the wounds." Subsequently the showman relieved his mind to a casual acquaintance. "He's got a heart like a flint, that doctor," he said; "made me turn out every one of them and give 'em their money back before he'd lay a hand to Zenobia."

But if the doctor suppressed the clinic, neither he nor the showman suffered. From dawn till dusk people came from miles round to stare a shilling's worth at the burnt elephant. The show went off in a day or two, leaving Zenobia to recover at leisure; and as it wandered, it did an increased business simply because it had had a burnt elephant.

The doctor fared even better. The fame of his new cure spread far and wide. People seemed to think that if he could cure an elephant he could cure anything.

He called every day upon Zenobia, who greeted him with [illegible] loyal welcome. She also desired to [illegible] his kin, and her keeper had to sit on her head and hold her trunk to repress this familiarity. In [illegible] recovered, except for extensive and [illegible] she waited only for a favourable [illegible] to resume the circus.

[illegible] at the end of August Dr. Tibbit jogged slowly towards Guildbury in his neat little gig. He had been to the next town, to call upon Miss Minetta Barker, the young lady whom he had desired to instal as mistress of his house. He had found her starting out for a drive in Tom Matson's dog-cart. Now, the doctor feared no foe, in medicine or in love; but when a young woman is inscrutable as to the state of her affections, when the richest man in the neighbourhood is devoting himself to her, and when the young lady's mother is backing the rich man, a young country doctor may well feel perplexed and anxious over his chance of the prize.

The doctor was so troubled, indeed, that he paid no heed to a heavy, repeated thud behind him, on the macadamized road. His gentle little mare heard it, though, and began to curvet and prance. The doctor was pulling her in, and calming her when he interrupted himself to shout:

"Get off me!"

Something like a yard of rubber hose was rubbing itself against his face. He looked round and saw Zenobia, her chain dragging from her hind foot, her red cap a-cock on her head, trotting along by the side of his vehicle, snorting with joy, and evidently bent on lavishing her pliant, serpentine, but leatherly caresses upon his person. His fear vanished in a moment. The animal's intentions were certainly pacific, to put it mildly. He reflected that if he could keep his horse ahead of her he could lead her back towards her tent. He had hardly guessed, as yet, the depth of the impression which he had made upon Zenobia's heart, which must have been a large organ, if the size of her ears was any indication—according to the popular theory.

The doctor got his elephant round without further misadventure, and they started up the road towards Zenobia's tent, Zenobia caressing her benefactor, while shudders of antipathy ran over his frame. In a few minutes the keeper hove in sight. Zenobia saw him first, blew a shrill blast on her trumpet, close to the doctor's ear, bolted through a hedge, lumbered across a turnip field, and disappeared in a wood, leaving the doctor to quiet his excited horse and to face the keeper, who advanced with rage in his eye.

"What do you mean," he began, "weaning a man's elephant's affections away from him? You ain't got no more morals than a Turk, you ain't. That elephant an' me has been partners for fourteen years, an' here you come between us."

"I don't want your confounded elephant," roared the doctor: "why don't you keep it chained up?"

"She busted her chain to get after you," replied the keeper. "Oh, I seen you two lallygaggin' all along the road. I knowed you wa'nt no good the first time I set eyes on yer, a-sayin' yer outlandish words over the poor, dumb beast."

The doctor resolved to banish "analogy" from his vocabulary.

The next morning, about four o'clock, Dr. Tibbit awoke with a troubled mind. He had driven home after midnight from a late call, and he had had an uneasy fancy that he saw a great shadowy body ambling along in the mist-hid fields by the roadside. He jumped out of bed and went to the window. Below him, completely covering the nasturtium bed, her prehensile trunk ravaging the early chrysanthemums, stood Zenobia, swaying to and fro, the dew glistening on her seamed sides beneath the early morning sunlight. The doctor hastily dressed himself and slipped down stairs and out, to meet this Frankenstein monster of affection.

There was but one thing to do. Zenobia would follow him wherever he went—she rushed madly through the roses to greet him—and his only course was to lead her out of the town before people began to get up, and to detain her in some remote meadow until he could get her keeper to come for her and secure her by force or stratagem.

The doctor found a secluded field, and there he sat down on a stile to wait until some farmer or market-gardener should pass by to carry his message to the keeper.

Zenobia stood by his side, dividing her attention between the caresses she bestowed on him and the care she was obliged to take of her red cap, which was not tightly strapped on, and slipped in various directions at every movement of her gigantic head.

She was unmistakably happy. From time to time she trumpeted cheerily. She plucked up tufts of grass, and offered them to the doctor. He refused them, and she ate them herself. Once he took a daisy from her, absent mindedly, and she was so greatly pleased that she smashed his hat in her endeavours to pet him. The doctor was a kind-hearted man. He had to admit that Zenobia meant well. He patted her trunk, and made matters worse. Her elephantine ecstacy came near being the death of him.

Still, the farmer came not, nor the market gardener. Dr. Tibbit began to think that he had chosen a meadow that was too secluded. At last two boys appeared. After staring at him and at Zenobia for half an hour, one of them agreed to produce Zenobia's keeper for a shilling.

The keeper soon arrived. He had only just reached the meadow, when Zenobia lifted her trunk in the air, emitted a mirthful trumpet, and struck out for the woods with the cumbersome gallop of a mastodon pup.

The doctor marched toward the town with the light of a firm resolve illuminating his face. The literature of his childhood had come to his aid. He remembered the unkind tailor who pricked the elephant's trunk. It seemed to him that the tailor was rather a good fellow.

"If that elephant's disease is gratitude," thought the doctor, "I'll give her an antidote."

He went to the chemist's, and as he went he pulled out a note-book and wrote down a prescription.

When the chemist looked at it he was taken short of breath.

"What's this?" he asked—"a bombshell?"

"Put it up," said the doctor, "and don't talk so much."

He lingered nervously on the chemist's steps, looking up and down the street. He had sent a boy to order his man to harness his horse.

Bye-and-by the chemist put his head out of the door. "I've got some asafœtida pills," he said, "that are gone off a bit, and half a pound of rhubarb that has turned bad—"

"Put 'em in," said the doctor, grimly, as he saw Zenobia coming in sight far down the street.

She came up while the doctor was waiting for the bolus. Twenty-three boys were watching them, although it was only seven o'clock in the morning.

His gig came to meet him at last, and he entered it and drove rapidly out of town, with Zenobia trotting contentedly behind him. Presently he drew rein, and Zenobia approached.

"Zenobia—pill!" said the doctor.

As she had often done in her late illness, Zenobia opened her mouth at the word of command, and swallowed the infernal bolus. Then they started again, and the doctor made for Zenobia's tent.

But Zenobia's pace was sluggish. She had been dodging about the woods for two nights, and she was tired. When the doctor whipped up, she seized the gig by any convenient projection, and held it back. This damaged the gig and frightened the mare; but it accomplished Zenobia's end. It was eleven o'clock before Jim Bumgardner's "Half-way House" loomed up white afar down the dusty road, and the doctor knew that his roundabout way had at length brought him near to the field where the circus tent had been pitched.

He drove on with a lighter heart in his bosom. He had not heard Zenobia behind him for some time. He did not know what had become of her, or what she was doing, but he learned later on.

The doctor had compounded a pill well calculated to upset Zenobia. That it would likewise give her a consuming thirst he had not considered. But chemistry was doing its duty without regard to him. A thirst like a furnace burned within Zenobia. Capsicum and chloride of lime were doing their work. She gasped and groaned. She searched for water. She filled her trunk at a wayside trough, and poured the contents into her mouth. Then she came to Bumgardner's, where a dozen casks of beer and a barrel of what passed at Bumgardner's for gin stood on the pavement. Zenobia's circus experience had taught her what a water-barrel meant. She applied her knowledge. With her forefoot she deftly staved in the head of one cask after another, and with her trunk she drew up the beer and the gin, and delivered them down her throat. If you think her taste at fault, remember the bolus.

Bumgardner rushed out and assailed her with a bungstarter. She turned upon him and squirted beer over him until he was covered with an irridescent lather of foam from head to foot. Then she finished the barrels and went on her way to overtake the doctor.

The doctor was speeding his mare merrily along, grateful for even a momentary relief from Zenobia's attentions, when, at one and the same time, he heard a heavy, uncertain thumping on the road behind him, and the quick patter of a horse's hoofs on the road ahead. He glanced behind him first, and saw Zenobia. She swayed from side to side, more than was her wont. Her cap was far down over her left eye. Her aspect was rakish, and her gait was unsteady. The doctor did not know it, but Zenobia was drunk. Rocking from side to side, reeling across the road and back, trumpeting in imbecile, inexpressive tones, Zenobia advanced.

The doctor looked forward. Tom Matson sat in his dog-cart, with Miss Barker by his side. His horse had caught sight of Zenobia, and was rearing high in the air, and whinnying in terror. Before Tom could pull him down, he made a sudden start, overturned the dog-cart, and flung Tom and Miss Minetta Barker on a bank, well-grown with stinging nettles. Tom had scarce landed before he was up and off, running hard across the fields. Miss Minetta rose and looked at him with fire in her eyes.

The doctor jumped out of his gig and let his little mare go galloping up the road. He had his arm about Miss Minetta's waist when he turned to face Zenobia, which may have accounted for the pluck in his face.

But Zenobia was a hundred yards down the road, and utterly incapable of getting any further. She trumpeted once or twice, then she wavered like a reed in the wind; her legs weakened under her, and she sank on her side. Her red cap had slipped down, and he picked it up with her trunk, broke its band in a careless swing that resembled a wave of jovial farewell, and fell a leap by the roadside.

It was evening when Zenobia awoke to find her keeper sitting on her head. He jabbed a hook firmly and decisively into her ear and led her homeward down the road lit by the golden sunset. That was the end of Zenobia's fidelity.

Miss Barker is now Mrs. Tibbits.

SAILING UNDER THE SEA.

FOR several centuries the problem of submarine navigation has occupied the attention of inventors. In 1620 a Dutchman, named Van Drebbel, constructed a boat to carry twelve "rowers" and a few passengers, who performed the journey from Westminster to Greenwich beneath the surface of the Thames. Sixty-five years later a Huguenot, Carl Papin, demonstrated in the presence of the Landgraf, Charles of Hesse, that it was possible to propel a covered wooden boat under the water, though his vessel was smaller and less complete than that of Van Drebbel.

In 1774 a dockyard labourer of Yarmouth, named Day, after a series of experiments in models, persuaded a capitalist to provide him with funds for the construction of a fifty-ton sloop. This, when built, was hermetically covered in, and provided with an inner air chamber, which the inventor claimed would be sufficient "to lift up again the vessel when sunk under the water." With Day on board, the sloop was sunk in Plymouth Sound, but the spectators watched in vain for its reappearance, and Day perished, an early martyr to science.

Probably the first submarine boat which approached really useful success, was that made by David Bushness, in Connecticut, towards the close of the last century. This was of a flattened oval shape, contained a reserve of compressed air, and was armed with a petard charged with 160 lbs. of gunpowder. The navigator, on approaching an enemy's ship, could sink his craft out of sight; but the mechanism for attaching the petard to a hostile hull, and exploding it by means of clockwork, was of faulty construction, and failed to act. Bushness, his boat, and the American cruiser which had them on board, were all sunk by a British man-of-war.

Fulton's experiments in Brest Harbour at the commencement of the present century, and his *Nautilus*, in which he and four companions, descended in the water to a depth of thirty feet, remained there an hour, and then rose to the surface, were destined to draw the attention of British statesmen to the possibilities of submarine navigation; and for some years experiments by private individuals were subsidised by the Government. Among these may be included the craft of the famous smuggler Johnson, constructed with money supplied by the Admiralty, but actually destined to facilitate the escape of Napoleon from St. Helena. Napoleon died during the construction of the boat; but subsequent experiments showed that it could remain under water for a couple of hours, being propelled by a wheel and crank.

During the American Civil War numerous submarine "cigar-boats" were constructed, for the purpose of launching torpedoes at the enemy's ships; and it was at this epoch that something like success was attained. These boats, termed "Davids"—an allusion to the power of the Scriptural David against Goliath—dived under the keel of a vessel at anchor, towing after them torpedoes, which, striking the hull of the ship, were destined to explode and sink it. The courage and daring of the Americans were shown in the navigation of these dangerous craft. Many were capsized, some "dived" too deeply, and, sticking in the mud at the bottom of the harbour, remained fast, and drowned their crews; others were destroyed in the explosion caused by the torpedo they towed, perishing with the crew of the enemy's ship which they destroyed; but crews were always ready to man the Davids as fast as they were constructed; and when the war terminated, the lessons taught by experience had resulted in the production of a submarine boat which could be navigated with something like safety and precision.

Of more recent years, both the French and Russian Governments have expended large sums in the construction of various craft destined to navigate the depths of the ocean. The former appear to pin their faith to the *Goubet*, so named after its inventor, which, driven by electricity, carries a crew of six, is armed with a pair of shears for cutting its way through torpedo nettings, and can discharge one or more torpedoes from the interior. The *Goubet* can remain under water for nearly an hour, and all trials are reported to have been perfectly satisfactory. Russia has a torpedo-boat of the *Goubet* style, but with modifications in the air supply, and the "planes" which direct the angles at which it "dives" and rises again to the surface are said to be improvements on the original model.

In Britain, experts declare the *Nordenfeldt* to be *the* submarine boat of the future. It is of cigar shape, sixty-four feet long, nine feet beam amidships, carries sixty tons of coal, and can descend to a depth of fifty feet under the water. Vertical screws force the vessel to descend, and there is an ample supply of air for the crew of nine men. Stability when submerged is preserved by balance rudders, which, kept by automatic gear on a perpetual plane, control the tendency to dive or oscillate. At present steam is the recognised motive power, but it is probable that at no distant date electricity will be substituted. Apart from their utility in time of war as torpedo-boats, it is claimed that there is a future for submarine crafts in the conveyance of despatches or passengers at times when storms render navigation on the surface of the ocean dangerous or even impracticable.

BELIEFS ABOUT RAINBOWS.

THE rainbow is frequently credited with great power for good or evil. It is a widespread belief that it hides vast riches or brings fortune or good luck with it. In Suabia it is said to rest on bowls of gold; in Hungary, that cups of silver will be found where it touches the earth or water, and the finder will divine the future. It is quite likely that a shoe cast over it will fall on the other side filled with gold, as it is believed in Berne and among Suabian peasants. The difficulty is to get it over.

Czech tradition says that if iron or other base metal be cast into the rainbow it will turn to gold, and similar things are recorded of it in the Tyrol. In many parts of Germany a golden key or a treasure is said to be found where the rainbow touches the earth; in Portugal, a silver hen; and in modern Greece, a curious Byzantine coin, called a Constantine. Anyone finding this will be endowed with marvellous power.

In Norway it is said that a cup and spoon, with a kind of gruel, will be found where the bow rests. It is also believed to bestow health. Among the Laps, if you can reach the bow and touch it, you will have the healing power. The water found beneath the arch will, it is believed, cure those afflicted with madness. Old women keep this water in trenches dug in the ground, or in a hollow tree, but not in the house, where it will lose its force or bring some disaster to the household. It is also said that flocks should not be pastured where the bow rests, or they will fall sick.

German peasants say the touch of the bow will render plants odorous. On the other hand, in some departments of France the rainbow is said to injure plants on which it rests, to dry up vines, and to ruin the harvest. In Bohemia, also, it withers up the herbage, say the peasants. In the Ukraine you must not put out your tongue at the rainbow, or it will dry up.

In Hungary there is a fairy sitting on the water where the rainbow touches it, and whomsoever she sees first will die. Esthonians say the bow is but the scythe used by the thunder to chase wicked souls. In Austria-Hungary the sick are not allowed to lie stretched at full length when the first bow of spring appears, for it is thought they would die if permitted to do so. Many ordinary tasks must not then be performed for fear of evil.

AN OFFICIAL "SWEEP."

LIKE the clubs, the West-End Government offices often get up what is familiarly known as an "official sweep" on the result of some big race, to which the highest as well as the lowest clerk may subscribe. Some years ago the head of a department which shall be nameless took two shares, and then went out of town for a few days. On his return, the day before the race, he found on his table two cards, on one of which was written "The Duke of Parma," and on the other "Lord Clifton." He rang the bell for the messenger.

"When did the Duke of Parma call here?" he inquired.

"Don't know, sir."

"Well, when did Lord Clifton come?"

"Can't say, sir," said the messenger.

"Very odd," said the chief, and forthwith went to the second in command and asked him whether he knew when the distinguished visitors had called.

"Duke of Parma?" asked the second in command, after a little consideration. "It must be the ex-Duke of Parma. I am sure I haven't a notion when they came."

Thereupon the head of the department sent for his private secretary.

"Mr. Johns," said he, "do you know anything about this? When did these gentlemen call? I have asked everybody, and nobody seems to have seen them."

The secretary could not reply for a few minutes, for his efforts to suppress his laughter, which nearly caused his death. At last he managed to say:

"It's the sweep, sir."

"Sweep, sir! What sweep, sir?" exclaimed the head of the department, getting angry.

"The official sweep, sir!"

"The official, sweep, sir?" said the chief, fairly losing his temper. "And how dare the official sweep, sir, come into my room and put cards upon my table with these names upon them?"

At last the matter was explained. Of course, the names on the cards were simply those of the horses which had been drawn in the sweep.

THE LOVERS' PRIZE.

Saturday, April 25th, was the last day for the receipt of Coupons sent in Competition for the £100. We shall endeavour to so arrange that the announcement will appear in our next issue.

A TOWN OF TAME DEER.

I HAVE travelled a great deal, and seen many curious things, but none more strange, I think, than I once saw in Japan.

As I was leaving Kioto, on my first expedition to the venerable and romantic city of Nara, one of the most ancient towns of the Japanese Empire, I received a singular caution from my merry friend Oshikoji.

"Expect strange visitors," he cried. "Prepare to meet the most wonderful acquaintances you have ever encountered in all your travels!"

But I had seen so many rare and marvellous things in Japan that the admonition was forgotten before my journey was fairly begun.

Arriving at Nara on a bright summer afternoon, I found comfortable quarters in the upper storey of the largest inn that the place contained. After responding to the landlord's salutations and accepting the wishes of his household for my health and happiness, I proceeded to make a change of dress.

While thus engaged I was disturbed by a loud clattering on the floor below, presently followed by the sound of heavy footsteps clambering up the rough staircase which led to my apartment.

Somebody was making an extremely noisy and clumsy attempt to intrude upon my privacy. There was no door to close, for, as in most rustic Japanese habitations, the rooms of the second storey were reached through a hole cut in the floor, to which no covering was provided.

Imagine my amazement when a pair of spreading antlers rose through the aperture, followed by the delicate and graceful head of a young deer. The warning given in Kioto came suddenly to my remembrance. Truly a more astonishing visitor to one's bedroom could not be conceived of.

Struggling awkwardly to his feet, the pretty animal advanced with friendly confidence, and gazed into my face with what I took to be a look of gentle interrogation. Having, however, no suspicion as to the purpose of his coming, I stared blankly in return, until, with a toss of his horns and a sniff of disappointment, he moved to the inspection of my baggage, which lay loosely scattered upon the matting.

For several minutes he made himself free with my wardrobe, pushing various objects about with his nose, and apparently searching for something to his taste; but the investigation proved fruitless, and, fixing his big eyes reproachfully upon me, he stalked gravely to the staircase and descended backwards with comical deliberation, feeling his way with a security that betokened a practised familiarity with the interior structure of human dwellings.

On setting forth to explore the neighbourhood a little later, I was abundantly, not to say oppressively, supplied with the extraordinary companionship of which I had been forewarned.

Streets, gardens, and parks were thronged with deer of all sizes and ages. Wherever the eye could reach they might have been counted by thousands. They seemed to constitute the real population of the city, and they certainly displayed far greater activity and interest in life than their human co-residents.

Several of them at once approached me with the same anxious look of inquiry that my unbidden guest at the inn had worn. Again I failed to comprehend, until a group of stags surrounded me, and signified, by unmistakeable actions, that I was required to accompany them to a certain corner, at which a pedlar of sweet cakes was stationed. It was impossible to resist their pressing invitation, although there was nothing violent in their demonstrations. They closed round me, and waited patiently while I purchased a supply of their favourite refreshment, and fed them, one after another, by hand.

At various points of the Temple grounds I was compelled to repeat this operation, and I soon learned that the sale of crisp biscuit, for consumption by the deer, was one of the established industries of the place.

For more than one thousand years these beautiful creatures have fearlessly enjoyed the freedom of Nara, in obedience to the legendary decree of a tender-hearted Empress of olden times.

This lady, moved to compassion by the plaintive cries of a hind whose mate had been destroyed by the hunters, signified her command that in all ages to come no deer should be wantonly slain within the environs of the city. To this day the tradition is respected, and no man's hand is lifted against these harmless inhabitants of the woods.

They dwell in little lodges provided by the priests, who are their authorised guardians and protectors, and they pass their lives in familiar association with the citizens, whom they outnumber by ten to one. All doors are open to them, and the idea that danger can result from this intimate fellowship with the race of bipeds never darkens their innocent thoughts. Their privileged existence is one of the happiest illustrations of the natural simplicity and humanity of the Japanese people.

But the growth of foreign influence is rapid in the land, and it is to be feared that the cruel disregard for animal life which manifests itself in the pursuit of what is known to Europeans as "sport" may, before long, condemn to merciless extermination the strange population of Nara.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

To Analyse Well Water. Put a small pinch of permanganate of potash into a wine-glass of water. Do not stir it, but just observe the colour; if of a dull claret or maroon, be sure it is impregnated—the worse the colour the greater the danger. Make a point of testing the well at least once a month. (*Reply to* OLD SALT.)

Night Air. It has been said that fully half of the diseases we suffer from are caused by sleeping with closed windows. There is probably some exaggeration in this statement, but the fear of night air which some people have is unreasoning. In large towns the comparative absence of smoke at night makes the air purer than it is in the daytime.

Devilled Biscuits. Captain or thin water biscuits are best for these. Spread them lightly with butter on both sides, and sprinkle liberally with red pepper or cayenne (according to the pepper heat you require), and grill over a clear fire till crisp. Send up very hot. Another form of devilled biscuit is to mix the pepper, and sometimes curry powder, with the flour when the biscuits are being made, but the first method is the most usual.

Bachelor's Pudding. Quarter of a pound of grated bread, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of apples, two ounces of sugar, a little nutmeg, three eggs, a little essence of lemon. Put the bread in a basin. Peel and chop the apples, wash and dry the currants, and stir both in; add the sugar, nutmeg, and lemon. Mix well. Beat up the eggs very well; stir them in. Pour into a well-buttered mould, cover with a buttered paper, and steam two hours.

Baked Onions. It often happens that people who scorn boiled onions eat baked ones with a relish. The onions should be scalded and then have their skins removed, after which they should be dropped into salted boiling water, which should be twice changed. When soft, but not broken, they are cut in quarters and arranged in a baking-dish that is not deep, and which may be sent to table either wrapped about by a napkin or set in another dish. Pour a nice white sauce over the onions, strew them with bread crumbs, sprinkle with pepper and bits of butter, and bake a light brown. This food is nourishing, and easily digested by even delicate persons. Some cooks cut the onions in thick slices before boiling them in two waters, and then scallop them with seasoned bread-crumbs; finally they turn the white sauce over them and bake.

To Clean Real Blond Lace. Cut some old soft linen into strips, a little wider than your lace; make them into one length, then tack your lace very carefully and evenly at the extreme edges. Make a lather of soap-suds, with the chill just off the water, put in your lace, let it remain about half an hour, then pass it gently through your hands until quite clean, but do not rub it; then rinse in cold water. If the lace be very yellow, add a very little blue, then squeeze your lace in a towel, but do not wring it; pull out the strip of linen as wide as you can, and place it in a large or long book, passing the strip from leaf to leaf. If the book be printed, place white paper next your lace. Press the book very heavily for two days, then remove it, taking the lace from the linen very carefully. If these directions are properly followed, you will not know your blond from new. (*Reply to* ANNIE.)

Garnishes. 1. Parsley is the most universal garnish for all kinds of poultry, fish, butter, cheese, and so forth.

2. Horseradish is the garnish for roast beef, and for fish in general; for the latter, slices of lemon are sometimes laid alternately with the horseradish.

3. Slices of lemon for boiled fowl, turkey, and fish, and for roast veal and calf's head.

4. Carrot in slices for boiled beef, hot or cold.

5. Barberries, fresh or preserved, for game.

6. Red beetroot sliced for cold meat, boiled beef, and salt fish.

7. Fried smelts as garnish for turbot.

8. Fried sausages or forcemeat balls are placed round turkey, capon, or fowl.

9. Lobster coral and parsley round boiled fish.

10. Fennel for mackerel and salmon, either fresh or pickled.

11. Currant jelly for game, also for custard or bread pudding.

12. Seville orange or lemon in slices for wild ducks, widgeons, teal, and so forth.

13. Mint, either with or without parsley, for roast lamb, either hot or cold.

14. Pickled gherkins, capers, or onions, for some kinds of boiled meat and stews.

Treacle Posset. Boil a pint of milk, add sufficient treacle to curdle it; allow the curd to settle, strain off the liquid, and drink it as hot as possible. (*Reply to* IGNORANT.)

To Remove Blood-Stains. The following is a good way to remove blood-stains otherwise difficult to get out:—Make a thin paste of starch and water; spread over the stain. When dry, brush the starch off, and the stain is gone. Two or three applications will remove the worst stains. (*Reply to* A. W.)

Common Glazings for Tarts and Pastry. It improves the appearance of pastry to have it glazed, and as this is not an expensive process, there is no reason why it should not always be done. Use a small badger's-hair brush, or the end of a feather, and brush either of the following lightly over the paste:—1, sugar and water; 2, the yolk and white of an egg beaten up with water; 3, the white of an egg, and sugar sifted over afterwards; 4, the yolk of an egg and melted butter.

Newland Pudding. This is a time of year when a new pudding is almost worth a king's ransom, and is all the more valuable if it needs neither eggs nor milk. Take equal quantities of grated raw potato and carrot, sultanas (washed, picked, and dried), treacle, and beef suet finely chopped. A quarter of a pound of each would make a regular family pudding. Add half a teaspoonful of baking powder, and mix all well together. Tie in a cloth and steam for three hours, or, if you prefer the look of a pudding cooked in a buttered mould or basin, and turned out on a dish, allow three hours and a half.

Date Pudding. Half a pound of stale bread, half a pound of dates, half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, half a pound of suet, one tablespoonful of butter, and a little water. Stone the dates and stew them till they are soft. Chop the suet, soak the bread, and when soft wring all the water out of it. Beat it fine with a fork, mix the bread, suet, and nutmeg. Butter a pie-dish, put a layer of bread, etc., in the bottom, then add the stewed dates and cover with the rest of the bread and suet. Put a few bits of butter over the top, and bake the pudding a pale brown. A tablespoonful of brown sugar may be added if the pudding is liked very sweet.

Sweet-Bread Fritters. Parboil the sweet-breads, cut them into slices half an inch thick; sprinkle them with pepper and salt, a very little grated nutmeg, a few drops of lemon juice, and some finely-chopped parsley; dip them each into a batter made as follows:—Place a heaped teacupful of flour in a bowl; add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, a tablespoonful of butter with one or two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Stir well, adding by degrees water enough to make as thick as ordinary batter. When ready for use stir in the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Fry in boiling lard like doughnuts. Drain them, pile on a napkin, and serve. (*Reply to* JANE EYRE).

How to Keep Out Flies. The great secret of success in keeping these insect pests out of the house is in beginning the battle early in the season. Go over the house in the morning, and with a wet cloth kill every fly, which is certain to seek the warmth of the sunny window-panes; this will prevent the hatching of hundreds later on, for naturalists assert that 600 is only the average brood from a single fly. The other places where they are most likely to deposit their eggs are in the dust which gathers, even in the most cleanly houses, behind books in book-cases, in the space between double windows, and behind the weights and cords of the windows. These are places, too, where other insects are apt to lurk, so that it will pay to keep a sharp look out for every possible pest while in search of the harmless but annoying fly.

Lemon Marmalade. Lemon jelly and lemon marmalade require much sugar on account of the extreme sourness of the lemons. If you like it moderately sweet, prepare as follows:—Put into a bowl or saucer two pounds of white sugar, pour over it a scant quart of clean boiling water, let it stand until dissolved, then transfer this syrup to a cooking vessel, clarify the syrup, if necessary, with the white of eggs; then rub off the oil of six fine lemons with some lumps of hard sugar, throw the sugar into the syrup; carefully remove the peel and pith from the lemons, and all fibrous parts, put the seeds of the fruit into a clean little muslin bag, then throw the pulps of the lemons and the bag of seed into the syrup; keep it uncovered and stir from time to time. The seeds possess most of the jellying power in the lemon; and marmalade is much quicker made and thicker if the seeds are used. They are put in a bag to prevent their mixing up with the marmalade. If you do not wish it very strongly flavoured, put in only the seeds of three lemons. You will know when it is done enough by its becoming more difficult to stir and of a rich golden colour. Drop some on a cold plate; if it is stiff, it is done. Remove from the fire, take out the bag of seeds and pot it. This recipe appears somewhat tedious but it is an excellent one. (*Reply to* B. M.)

Cold Pork may be used up by frying slices of it and laying them on apple sauce; this forms an excellent little supper dish. (*Reply to* SALLY.)

Spring Fruit and Custard Pudding. Two cupfuls of stewed rhubarb, two cupfuls of new milk, two eggs, a cupful and a half of bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a little grated nutmeg. Mix the crumbs and rhubarb in a bowl, beat the eggs and sugar, and add the milk to them. Mix well with the rhubarb and crumbs and nutmeg. Pour all into a well-buttered pie-dish and bake till set and nicely browned.

Clear Ginger Beer. To three gallons of water add five pounds of loaf sugar, and three ounces of powdered ginger. Boil for one hour. When it is cold add juice and peel of five lemons, and a quarter of a teacupful of yeast or a slice of toasted bread. Let the liquor stand in a tub covered with a thick cloth for two or three days. Then strain through a thick cloth, and bottle it. In four or five days it will be ready for use. If desired that it should taste of ginger, increase this item according to taste. (*Reply to* BONNIE.)

Bloater Paste. Cut off the heads and tails from six fresh-cured Yarmouth bloaters; immerse them in scalding water to remove the skins; take out the back bones and put them in a stewpan with six ounces of clarified butter, a bit of mace, a teaspoonful of anchovy, and a pinch of cayenne. Simmer all together over a slow fire for ten minutes; pound in a mortar, rub through a coarse hair sieve, and use this preparation to fill small pots, which must be covered with butter or lard, and kept in a cool place for use. (*Reply to* S. N.)

A Substitute for Suet. It is often supposed that the vegetarian cook must be at a disadvantage for want of suet. What is the merit of suet? Simply this, that it presents fat in a fibrous form, letting it out gradually into the mixture of which it forms a part. Exactly the same result is achieved when bread-crumbs are saturated with butter or oil. A ship's cook, when making a "plum duff," knows this secret, and sops up oil with biscuit-crumbs, which he incorporates with his dough. Another mode is to add a little washed and soaked tapioca to the paste used for boiled puddings.

A Good Way to Cook Cabbage. A delicious way to cook cabbage is the French method, which is as follows:—Chop cold boiled white cabbage, and put in colander to drain until dry, stir in some melted butter—about two tablespoonfuls; add pepper, salt, and four tablespoonfuls of cream. After the cabbage is heated through add two well-beaten eggs, then turn the mixture into a frying pan; stir it until it is hot and of a delicate brown on the under side. Place a hot dish over it, and when ready to take it to the table turn the frying pan upside-down, so that the brown or crust part will be on top, thus making a pretty-looking dish.

Some Uses of Charcoal. Charcoal, laid flat while cold on a burn, causes the pain to abate immediately; by leaving it on for an hour, the burn seems almost healed, when the wound is superficial. Tainted meat, surrounded with it, is sweetened. Foul water is purified by it. It is a great disinfectant, and sweetens offensive air if placed in shallow trays round apartments. It is so very porous that it absorbs and condenses gases rapidly. One cubic feet of charcoal will absorb nearly one hundred inches of gaseous ammonia. Charcoal forms an excellent poultice for malignant wounds and sores. In cases of what is called proud-flesh it is invaluable. It gives no disagreeable odour, corrodes no metal, is a simple and safe sweetener and disinfectant. A teaspoonful of charcoal, in half a glass of water, often relieves a sick headache.

Handy Hints. Dining-tables may be polished by rubbing them for some time with a soft cloth and a little linseed-oil.——Mahogany frames of sofas, chairs, etc., should be first well dusted, and then cleaned with a flannel dipped in sweet oil or linseed oil.——Straw matting may be cleaned with a large coarse cloth dipped in salt and water, and then wiped dry. The salt prevents the matting from turning yellow.——Patient rubbing with chloroform will remove paint from black silk or any other goods, and will not hurt the most delicate colour or fabric.——Cane bottom chairs should be washed on the under side, using a sponge and hot water, with soap if very much soiled. The cane should be completely soaked, and then dried in the open air.——A basin of cold water placed in an oven will soon lower the temperature.——A little powdered borax added to cold starch stiffens linen beautifully.——In baking cake with granulated sugar use a little less than the recipe calls for.——If a little soft (not melted) lard or butter is rubbed over the top of bread or dough when in a mass, and after being moulded into loaves, a hard crust will be avoided.

Isobel

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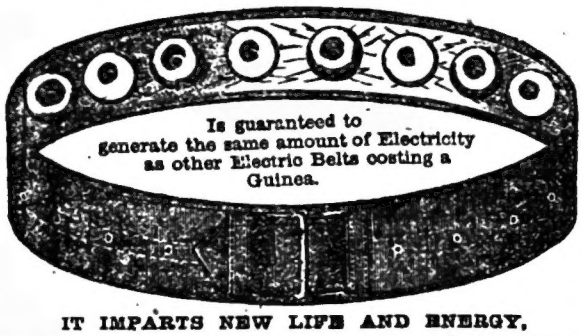

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"Parker's-terrace, Goodhead-street, Wilford Road.
"Dear Sir,—About six months ago I purchased from you a belt for biliousness and sick headache. After wearing it only a month, I was much relieved; and now, I am glad to say, I feel quite cured of my troublesome complaint.
"HARRIET WILDBORE."

Done me more good than all the medicine I have taken for the last twelve years.
"Lower Cotham, Brow, Bristol.
"Four months ago I purchased from you one of your 5s. 6d. electric 'Belts,' which I have worn ever since, and I am most happy to tell you that it has done me more good than all the medicine I have taken for the last twelve years. My digestion is better, and lungs acting well. You must remember it is twelve years that I have been like this, but I feel sure that I have arrived at the right cure in electricity.—J. B."

Acute Neuralgia.
"Exeter-buildings, Redland Park, Bristol.
"Dear Sir,—My wife has been quite cured of a very severe Acute Neuralgia in the arm entirely through your appliances. "W. MELLER."

Liver Affection and Nervous Debility.
"Bristol and South Wales Cabinet Works.
"127, Victoria-street, and Temple-street, Bristol.
"Dear Sir,—For the last twenty years I have been suffering from Liver Affections and Nervous Debility. I was induced to try, in December last, your Appliances, and now, after wearing them six months, am more than pleased in being able to say I feel myself thoroughly cured.
"J. SNARY."

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"8, Luther-street, Great Homer-street, Liverpool.
"The 'Belt' that you sent to my daughter last week. I find that she is much better. She is twenty years of age and unmarried. Always felt tired and sleepy. That has quite left her. Now she is able to walk and do her work with great ease since wearing the 'Belt.'
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"73, High-street, Lymington Hanlt.
"Mrs. Drayton having suffered from habitual Constipation, and having found great relief from wearing one of your 'Belts,' I have recommended it to several of my friends, and they all speak of great benefit received. You are welcome to use this in any way you think proper.
(Signed) "WILLIAM DRAYTON."

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"The Limes, Watford, near Rugby.
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Gives a permanent cure even in apparently desperate cases. Price 2s. 9d., double size 5s. 6d. per bottle. Above address. P.O. preferred.
Completely Bald for Two Years. Successful Cure!
Hove, Brighton, Sussex-street, October 20, 1890.
"Dear Sir,—I am most happy to tell you that my head is now entirely covered with a good crop of hair which is entirely due to your Areatia Lotion. I shall be very glad to recommend it to any one I know who may be in need of it. Her head had been quite bare for two years, but from the first time Mary used your Lotion the hair commenced growing. Sincerely wishing your Lotion every success. You may have my leave to use my name in any way you may think fit. I remain, Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) A. E. BIRD.
Cure of a large Bald Patch amongst the Hair.
Northampton, Feb. 3, 1891.
"Dear Sir,—I beg to give my testimonial of the wonderful effect of your "Areata Lotion" has had in growing a very large bald place on my head. I shall be very glad, persevering with it, was soon rewarded. The pleasantness arising from such a disfigurement. I think it only to be my duty to send you this unsolicited testimonial for the benefit of other suffering ones, and remain,
Yours faithfully,—
Please mind card, but not for publication. Am willing to answer any queries through you, if required.
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Review of "The Human Hair, its Treatment Health and Disease." Post free 6 stamps.

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£8 will be given to the person sending the correct answer to the following problem. Ties divide.
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£50.

VERY INTERESTING COMPETITION.
I will give £50 to the person sending the correct number of times the word "Angel" occurs in the Book of Revelations. Give the number in each chapter and total, ordinary Bible (not revised version). Do not count the headings, verses only. If more than one correct, the £50 will be divided. Send P.O. 1s., and 1d. stamp for result, to ERNEST FLETCHER, 84, Sussex Road, Southport.
Closes May 12th, result May 16th.

EASY HANDWRITING COMPETITION.

(No limit to prizes.)
I will divide two-thirds of total entrance fees among the senders of the twelve neatest copies of this advertisement in plain writing, no ornament. My decision final. Competition closes May 5th, result and prizes sent 4 days later. Guaranteed strictly genuine. Entrance fee 1s. P.O. and stamped addressed envelope for result. Address C. SYKES, 14, Fitton Street, Rochdale.

FIVE POUNDS A WEEK.

Guaranteed to EVERYONE entering this competition. Rearrange each of the following sets of letters to form names of popular men of the day (for instance the first is "Gladstone") £50, or half entrance fees, to the one who solves the most. If you can only solve one or two you may win. No one is expected to solve the lot. TEONASDGL, SALURSISY, HARLELP, DNOASW, GRVINI, UIANVSLL, HUEQSA, MAIHOCJ, N3DIOE, KIZNAMCEE. Send 1s. P.O. and stamped addressed envelope. Prizes May 20th. Please name this paper. CHARLES HARTLAND, 54, Clarence Street, Sheffield.

£25 for 1s.

£20 to the person counting most correctly the letter T, capital and small, on this page. £3 to the sender of most lists and fees; 5s. each to the first eight correct answers received; 5s. to each person sending forty fees (own or friend's). Closes MAY 16th. Send 1s. P.O., 4d. stamp, and stamped addressed envelope for result (week later), to
JAMES HODGSON,
ECCLES PIKE, WHALEY BRIDGE,
VIA STOCKPORT.
Should entrance fees not permit above amounts, half the entrance fees will be divided in the same proportion.

HIGH CLASS COMPETITION.

50 PER CENT of the total money received in entrance fees will be equally divided amongst the writers of the best 30 "Essays on Charity." Fee 1s. 6d. Essay not to exceed 300 words, nor contain less than 200. Points considered will be style and construction, legibility, punctuation, and matter. Opinions will not be criticised. Unsuccessful essays returned. Send essay, with fee and addressed foolscap envelope, on or before May 9th, to ERNEST LAMBERT, Eden Road, Haverhill, Suffolk. Results week later.

PRIZES! £200! PRIZES!

£1,000 ALREADY PAID.
RAEDRIS.—From these letters form two words. £100 given for the correct answer. Fee 1s. P.O., or 13 stamps. H**SON'S S***. Put letters for stars. £100 given for the correct answer. Fee 1s. P.O., or 13 stamps. Closes May 5th. A separate fee must be sent with each answer. Stamped addressed envelope for result. Send at once. You may be the only person correct. You can enter one or both. Don't miss this, but send at once to the old promoters,
THE PRIZES CO., ROYDON, ESSEX.

£26 PRIZES £26

No. 2. FIVE VERSES ONLY.
£20 If entries permit, or two-thirds of entrance fees, divided between those sending correct answers what letter occurs most number of times in the first five verses of the 8th chapter of St. Luke. Entrance fee P.O. 1s., or 13 stamps. Closes May 10th.
No. 3. £5 to those counting correctly the number of A's, verses only, 1st Chapter St. John's Gospel, ordinary Bible. Entrance fee 6d. stamps, 1½d. stamps for printed result for both competitions. Closes May 10th. Result week later. £1 given to those sending most fees. Address, JOHN KINGSLEY, Oakenshaw, Bradford, Yorks. Mention PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

HENRY KINGSLEY'S 12th COMPETITION.

£50 FOR ONE SHILLING.
READERS OF PEARSON'S WEEKLY ONLY ALLOWED TO COMPETE.
£50 In Cash will be equally divided between those counting correctly the number of times the letter "E" occurs in the FIRST THREE WHITE PAGES of this week's PEARSON'S WEEKLY. Count all "E's," both large and small, wherever found. State the number on each of the three pages, and total of all. If one entry only is correct, that one will receive the £50, should no one count correctly, the money will go to the nearest. Entrance fee, 1s. only; (POSTAL ORDER, or 13 stamps), and stamped addressed envelope for result. Competition close May 11th. Prizes and Result sent you May 16th, certain. Address—HENRY KINGSLEY, Rackhamfield, Carton, Norwich. NOTE.—Should entries not admit of above amount being paid, three quarters of amount of fees received will be given.

£100! £100!! £100!!!

Read this through.
I WILL give £100, if entries permit, or in any case TWO-THIRDS of entrance fees received, to the person correctly counting the letters A, E, and O in the last six chapters of Joshua, verses only.
Remember there is no limit to prizes. In a similar competition considerably over £200 was received in HALF entrance fees. Whatever amount is received TWO-THIRDS will certainly go to winners.
To make the prizes worth winning, if more than 40 give correct totals winners will have a special and free competition to themselves to decide winners.
Prizes of £2, £1, and 10s. given to the three sending most lists, own or friends. Enclose in one envelope. Entrance fee 1s. 6d. P. O., or 19 stamps, with stamped self-addressed envelope for result. Competition closes May 9th, result about a week later. Mention this paper.
L. HILL,
8, TIPPING STREET, ALTRINCHAM, CHESHIRE.

AMUSING ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

£25 in cash will be given to the person sending the correct answer, or, if more than one, divided. A procession of ducks going to market. Two ducks before a duck, two ducks behind a duck, one duck in middle. How many ducks in all? Send P.O 1s., and 1d. stamp for result, to ERNEST FLETCHER, 84, Sussex Road, Southport.
Closes May 12th, result May 13th.

EASY WRITING COMPETITION.

Notice.—THE WORD IS TO BE WRITTEN WITH ORDINARY PEN AND INK.
£5, £3, £2, will be given to the three persons writing the word "Spring" most times on the back of an ordinary post card. Make capital S's, writing must not cross. Put name and address on front of card, also number of words written. Entrance fee 1s. postal order, or 13 stamps, also enclose stamped addressed envelope for result. Closes May 16th, prizes and result sent week after. Address all lists to J. HARRISON, 8, Antcliff Street, Stepney, London.

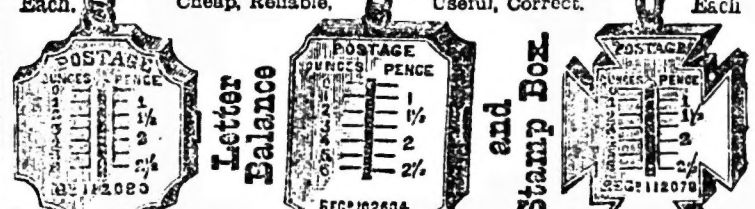
THE "NEW CARDWELL" NOTE PAPER.

Every reader of this journal should send at once for a packet containing Five Quires Fine Vellum Note Paper as above:—
Printed with any Name and Address for 1s. 6d.
" " 2 letter monogram " 2s. 6d.
" " 3 " " 3s.
HOSTS OF TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED.
Mr. A. H. Cawson, 20, Denmark Street, Camberwell, S.E. says:—"Received note paper all right, and am very pleased with it."
Send your orders immediately to T. W. BRINDLEY, Manufacturing Stationer, 53, Carwin Street, Liverpool.—Mention this paper.

Business Men Buy
SELL'S TELEGRAPHIC CODE.

Special Offers to Readers of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY."

10d. Each. THE LATEST NOVELTIES. Cheap, Reliable, Useful, Correct. 10d. Each



See below for special price No. 2. For Pocket, Albert, Chatelaine, or Desk. Praised by Royalty, the Nobility, Mercantile, and other thousands. All should have one. BUY ONE. Each pattern same price, exact to sketch, weighs letter or parcel to 6 oz., tells postage, and holds stamps. This is NO TOY, but guaranteed perfect. TRY ONE *Full Cost returned if any goods not pleasure.*

Nickelled or Lacquered, post free, 11d., or three for 2/6. Heavily Silvered, post free, 1/9 each. Very thickly Gilt, post free, 2/6 each. Solid Hallmarked Silver, 6/6 each.

As a SPECIAL OFFER, and to introduce our many other Novelties, we will send POST FREE FOR SEVENPENCE ONE No. 2 LETTER BALANCE, or one each of Nos. 1, 2, & 3, post free, for 2/3

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS GIVEN AWAY MONTHLY

TO PURCHASERS of not less than 5/- worth at a time from our Novelties or our General Stock of Jewellery, Silver plated Goods, &c., WE SHALL PRESENT One of our Beautiful CHILDREN'S PETS BROOCHES, every one being equivalent to HALF-A-CROWN value, being made by first-class workmen in highest style. The animals are all well modelled, natural-like, and include Three Pretty KITTENS (with Gold Collars), Three DOGS (Greyhounds, French Poodles, or Retrievers), Three DONKEYS, GOATS, RABBITS, &c.

TO SECURE ONE OF THESE HANDSOME GIFTS,
Cut out and send this advt. with cash, or mention paper where seen.

CO-OPERATIVE JEWELLERS' ASSOCIATION, 78, VYSE STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

LISTS FREE of NOVELTIES and USEFULS, at 10d., 1/3, 1/9, 2/6, 3/6, 5/-, 5/9, up to £100 each.

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

IT has been pointed out by several correspondents that on Monday there does not seem to be any current copy of *P. W.* Each number is dated for week ending some Saturday, but as it does not appear until Tuesday, the first day of the week is left out in the cold. This will be remedied in future by the publication of the paper on Monday. Next week's number will be on sale at all bookstalls and newsagents on Monday, May 4th, and each succeeding Monday will have the honour of ushering in a new issue of this paper.

HAREM.—This word is spelt by the initials of Miss Helen Alice Rose Edith McHarg, who is, we think, blessed with more peculiar initials than any other of those readers who competed for the guinea we offered the week before last. Miss McHarg resides at 13, Rue de Cordone, Bruges, Belgium, and her postcard was witnessed by two other British ladies who live in that part of the world. A guinea has been forwarded to Miss McHarg.

W. J. wonders which is the longest word in the English language in which every letter is different. ——We suspect that our correspondent has some champion word of this kind up his sleeve, so to speak. So we give him and the rest of our readers the opportunity of showing their ingenuity by offering a guinea to the sender of the longest word in which no letter of the alphabet appears more than once. In the event of a tie, the one first to hand will win. Attempts must reach us before or by first post, Monday, May 4th. Competitions must be marked WORD.

As has been announced for some weeks past, we are offering any cycle from the stock of the makers of the Premier machines, not exceeding £25 in value, to the sender of the best anagram on the words HUNDRED POUNDS INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS. Competitions must reach us at latest by the first post on Thursday, April 30th, the envelopes containing them marked CYCLE. The result will appear in our issue for week ending May 16th

THE following letter from Mr. Gladstone's married daughter—Mrs. Drew—has been sent us by a correspondent who wrote to the Ex-Premier regarding our recent article, MR. GLADSTONE'S PRIVATE SLANG. We print it to show that a few readers were incorrect in their supposition that Mr. Gladstone would object to the publication of the article:—

"HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESHIRE.—Dear Sir,—As I open my father's letters, I am sending you a line in answer to your question. The account in *Pearson's Weekly* (we should like to have a few copies) is quite correct. There were fifty copies privately printed at the time my uncle Lord Lyttleton wrote it, and these were distributed among relations and intimate friends. No doubt the little book will some day be one of extreme value. Mr. Gladstone has the highest opinion of its scholarship as well as of its accuracy. —Yours faithfully, MARY DREW."

R. S.—We never prophesy about the weather, though it's a pretty safe game, for if your forecast comes right, you can make a great fuss about it; while if the reverse is the case, nothing is easier than to lie low and say nothing. Folk who do indulge in this sort of thing seem to unite in foretelling a brilliant May followed by a wet, chilly June and July.

WINNIE writes:—"I think you will be interested to hear that your ENGAGED COUPLE PRIZE has had the effect of bringing about a very happy marriage, which, but for it, might very likely have never come off. I have a brother, who, though the best of fellows, has always been painfully shy with young ladies. He has for a long time greatly admired a certain girl whose family has been friendly with ours for years. But he could not screw up his courage to propose to her. She confided to me, under a pledge of strict secrecy, that she was very fond of him, and I used to worry myself to any extent trying to devise some plan to make him speak out. I dared not give him a lecture on the subject, for I was pretty sure that this would have the effect of scaring him completely. He is well off, and nearly thirty, so there was no reason why he should not settle down, and naturally I was anxious that he should marry a girl whom we all know and liked, rather than a stranger. I never saw your paper until the week that you announced the Engaged Couple Prize, and directly I read about it I thought to myself, 'Now here is a chance to make A—— propose.' So I watched my opportunity. The next day the young lady came to see us, and I managed so that we three were in a room alone. Then I produced *Pearson's Weekly*, and said, 'Here's a new paper I bought yesterday and there's something in it that I want to read to you two.' I read your notice, and ended up by saying: 'Now why don't you?' Then I ran out of the room, and took care that no one else went in there for half an hour. At the end of that time I went in with my sister, and we found them sitting on the sofa together, looking absurdly happy, and they told us that they were engaged. They were married last Wednesday, and I tell them that they have you to thank for it, as I am sure my brother would never have plucked up courage to say a word if he hadn't been helped by your notice."——Miss WINNIE gives us credit for a result due to her own readiness of resource. We are sincerely glad that she found the paper of assistance in her kindly efforts for her brother's welfare, and we trust that the match may prove in every way a happy one. We didn't get any wedding cake. If there is any left no doubt our correspondent will see that we have some. Though we are growing terribly old under the strain of trying to please all our readers, there is still a soft corner in our heart for wedding cake—specially the almond paste part.

A GOOD many shillings would have been saved if readers who wired to say they thought they had detected the letter which was printed upside down in our last issue had remembered that our telegraphic address is HUMOURSOME, LONDON. The Post Office people are so unkind in their persistent refusals to register *P. W.* as a newspaper, and thus enable it to go by post for a halfpenny, that we grudge them the odd coppers which unnecessarily accrue to them when our full address is written out in a telegram. We pay them a guinea a year to save our readers' pockets in this way, and it seems a pity that advantage should not be taken of the expenditure.

J. W. T. writes:—"I lately came across a public-house with the very curious sign 'The Case is Altered.'" ——We wonder whether any of our readers know anything more peculiar than this in the way of public-house signs.

WE have received the following appalling bill:—

Dr. to THE LEADENHALL PRESS.

	£	s.	d.
To frequent enquiries at tobacconists' for *Pearson's* Pipe, and being told they "haven't got it" ...		7	6
„ Pilgrimage to Mansell Street after same, and being told "It won't be ready till end of month" ...	10	0	0
„ Disappointment	100	0	0
	£110	7	6

It is perfectly evident that we shall be in the Bankruptcy Court before we have finished with this pipe business. We trust that this creditor will not press us too hard. When the pipe does appear, half a dozen smokes will prove an adequate set-off. "Worth a guinea a whiff," wouldn't be a bad line for an advertisement.

MAYBURY writes all the way from Winnipeg, Manitoba, to ask whether we can explain the, to him inexplicable, fact that suicides are more frequent in the bright pleasant months of spring and early summer than at any other time of the year.——We must confess that we are unable to throw light upon this curious fact (which we have verified by consulting the most recent authorities), unless it be by hazarding the supposition that as a great many suicides accomplish their purpose by drowning, the chill of the water in winter acts as a preventive. This, however, seems a very improbable theory. Perhaps some reader can advance a better one for the satisfaction of our distant correspondent.

CUI BONO.—Most medical men consider that a cold bath every morning is apt to do more harm than good to any but those of very vigorous constitution. The sensible thing to do is to see that the temperature of the water in cold weather is not lower than that of the air. Have a bath every day by all means. This is a most healthful practice; but do not let it be so cold as to give a shock to the system.

SAFETY RIDER.—We believe, from personal experience, that a pneumatic-tyred machine reduces the labour of riding by from five to ten per cent., according to the state of the roads. On very good roads the saving is naturally less than on indifferent ones, for it chiefly results from absence of vibration, which enables the rider to utilize his power to the utmost. The advantages of the pneumatic are particularly marked when hill climbing. Of course the increased initial expense is against the inflated tyres, especially as one has to contemplate the chance of their being placed *hors de combat* by a thorn or flint. It really becomes a question of means. If you can afford the extra £5 or so we should say, go in for a pneumatic. If the money is a serious consideration to you, it would be best to content yourself with another type of machine.

L. T. S. wants to know if anyone can be cured of diseases without the use of drugs.——We doubt it, but if our correspondent will refer to our advertisement columns he will see that Dr. Allinson professes to cure diseases without drugs. Whether he does so or not we are unable to state, but his works read plausibly.

THE article which we published in our issue for week ending March 21st, under the title THE ORIGIN OF NIHILISM, was not allowed to enter Russia in a readable form. Two correspondents have written us from the land of the Czar inclosing the page in which the article appeared. Its place is occupied by a black smudge—so black, indeed, that we feel we must compliment the Russian censors of the press for the thoroughness with which they accomplish the obliteration of matter that seems to them objectionable. What a big staff of men it must take to look through all the papers that enter Russia. Can any reader resident there give us some information as to the number of people engaged at this inquisitorial work? We hope that this unassuming little paragraph may escape the censor's eagle eye.

HAVE I GOT YOU?—Yes, you have, you rascal, but we are not the only people who can't spell. Try three h's in Jehoshaphat next time.

EL DORADO.—You ask our "honest opinion of the chances of permanent success" which such a paper as you sketch out would have. Our honest opinion on the matter is that the publication in question would last just as long as your capital and credit, and you would be surprised to find how short a way either of these goes with printers, paper-makers, advertising agents, etc., when a new paper is in question. One day we intend to publish a short series of articles under some such title as PAPERS THAT OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN POPULAR. It will prove a very instructive set-off to the POPULAR PAPERS series, and we have no doubt it will induce many misguided mortals to keep their money in their pockets, instead of throwing it away in the endeavour to popularize journals of one kind and another. Only the other day we had a most interesting conversation with a lady who told us how she lost over six thousand pounds on a paper that attained a limited popularity some few years ago. Six thousand pounds is a large sum of money to sink absolutely, isn't it?

A WELL-WISHER writes: "In a very simple way, I have, during the past month, gained no fewer than twenty weekly subscribers to your really good pennyworth of reading. I am employed in a large firm of shipbuilders, where there are at present about one thousand men at work. Every Tuesday, at dinner-time, I used to be bothered by my mates continually interrupting me when reading my *Pearson's Weekly* with such remarks as, 'That's a fine big penn'orth!' and 'How long has that been out?' etc., etc. Now, since the beginning of February, on every Wednesday I have left the paper in my workshop, after having read it myself, and I have since found out that those who couldn't get hold of it have bought one for themselves, and now there are twenty in my department alone that buy *Pearson's Weekly* every Tuesday. I hope that others of your working-men readers will follow this simple method."

P. D.—About a hundred miles of paper are used to print *P. W.* every week.

ONE IN APARTMENTS sends along the following very sensible remarks:—"I should like to call your other readers' attention to the indiscriminate use of postcards. No doubt many letters may be safely thus answered, but material damage may be done by carelessness in this respect. I heard recently of a clerk holding a position in a mercantile firm, who, hearing of a vacancy in another business house, sent an application for the appointment, using the office address, which, naturally, he thought would carry more weight than his private one. The reply, on a postcard, stating that the vacancy was filled, found its way into the manager's hands when the post-bag was opened. The result of so ill-advised a communication will readily suggest itself. It is by no means pleasant for those who have apartments in the houses of others to receive such postcards as the one I enclose for your perusal, which conveys information that I was desirous should remain private." ——The postcard is a very excellent institution; but we agree with our correspondent that thoughtlessness or economy often lead to its use in cases where this is most undesirable.

POSTAL RATES.

Pearson's Weekly will be sent direct from the offices post free, to any country within the Postal Union, at the following rates, prepaid:—

	s.	d.
One Year.....	8	8
Half Year	4	4
Three Months.....	2	2

Postage (at book rates) being a penny a copy.

Offices: Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

Back Numbers more than a Month old, 3d. each.

SOLE AGENTS FOR AUSTRALASIA:

Messrs. R. A. THOMPSON & Co., Sydney & Melbourne.

Printed for the Proprietors, and published by them at Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

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RISIN
STOVE
IS THE
EASIEST, QUICKEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST BLACKLEAD IN THE WORLD
NOTE.
C. CHANG
LONDON, E.C.

POCKET TIMEPIECE
10/6
10/6

CONDY'S FLUID
CONDY'S REMEDIAL
RELAXED THROATS
HOARSENESS
OUNED in a Slight Cases
at once.
CONDY'S
sold by all Chemists
CONDY'S FLUID WORKS, 61, Turnmill Street, L

TOWLE'S
Pen
Maker,
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

REAL
Irish Tweeds & Serges
DIRECT FROM THE MILL.

1 WANTED 50,000 TROU
5/-

WHY BE ILL? WHY TAKE PHYSIC?!
MEDICAL
Natural Cure of
Coughs and
MEDICAL
Natural Cure of
Fevers, Mis
Diarrhœa, Bad
MEDICAL
Unsuspected
Beautiful
Both and Dev
Cough, Debility
All the above can be cured from Dr. T. L. ALLINSON, 4, Spanish Place, Manchester Square, London, W.

IRISH LINEN COLLARS
Irish Damask Table Cloth
IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKE
Irish Tweeds
"THE RIPLET HAIR WAVER"
C. TOWELL
W. W. ANGE

DESICCATED SOUP—"TOMATO."
THE VALUABLE AND AGREEABLE PROPERTIES OF THE HEALTH-GIVING TOMATO may now be had in the form of a concentrated and portable Soup, easily made, nourishing & wholesome, delicious and economical article of diet. In lovely tin canisters of 1lb., 2s. 6d.; ½lb., 1s. 9d.; ¼lb., 6d.; and in medical boxes containing one dozen packets, each sufficient to make a basin of rich soup, 2s.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
FREDK. KING & CO., LTD., CAMOMILE STREET, LONDON.

4/6 10,000 CARPETS. 4/6
EACH. EACH.
UNPARALLELED OFFER.
Guaranteed Genuine Bargains. The Largest ever Sold at the Price.
THE BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO.,
REGISTERED.
being the pioneers of cheap carpets, have decided to make this unprecedented offer to the public, and will forward direct from THEIR LOOMS TO ANY ADDRESS, on receipt of postal order for 4s. 6d. or 56 stamps, one of their GENUINE, SEAMLESS, WOVEN, REVERSIBLE TRIUMPH CARPETS, with handsome border, and woven in thirty different Art patterns, suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bed Room, &c., and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets are made of a material equal in wear to Wool, being woven and NOT printed, and are offered at these Greatly Reduced Prices, BEING BELOW THE ACTUAL COST OF PRODUCTION, absolutely as an advertisement for the goods of the B. C. W. Co., who are the original and only Genuine Manufacturers of these Carpets. Thousands of these Carpets and Rugs have been sold at double these prices. A beautiful woven Rug to match Carpet sent for 1s. 6d. extra, or TWO CARPETS AND TWO RUGS to match for 10s. Send for sample, and if not satisfactory money will be returned in full.
MANY THOUSANDS of unsolicited testimonials, with repeat orders, have been received from our customers; also not lost from the press throughout the United Kingdom. This unparalleled offer will not be repeated. All orders despatched same day as received. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "Union Bank," and made payable to J. HARGREAVES, G.P.O.
ONLY ADDRESS:—
THE BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO.,
31 OLD STREET, ALDERSGATE, LONDON, E.C.
WARNING.—As unscrupulous advertisers are copying our advertisements, we warn the readers of this paper as to the inferior quality of the goods so advertised.
NOTE.—Our goods can only be obtained direct from the looms AS ABOVE, thus saving all middle profits.

PATENT CANVAS HOUSE SHOE
PATENT CANVAS SHOE COMPANY,
GLASGOW.

Fourth (Illustrated) Edition, post free, 6 stamps. "THE WHITE GOAT, or Weakness in Health and Disease." Contains the true causes, treatment, and successful permanent cure of Debility, Drowsiness, Bad Digestion, Heart, etc., also how to destroy superfluous hair. Do not waste money on so-called "Restorers." Cantharidian Lotions, nostrum receipts, and other speculative advertisements.
The Court Journal says: "Mr. Hom's suggestions and proposed remedies are well worth consideration, especially as they have been endorsed by high medical and religious authorities."
The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart says: "If anyone follows out Mr. Hom's advice, he will be able to preserve his 'total' vigour longer than he expected." O. R. HOM, Hair Specialist (from the Berlin Skin Hospitals) Newport, Isle of Wight, N.B.—Foreign stamps accepted to value.

Fire Lighting Extraordinary.
The Most Useful Invention of the age.
THE "IMP" FIRELIGHTER,
Guaranteed to Light Any Fire for
One Penny.
WILL LAST FOR YEARS.
No Sticks! No Paper! No Grit!
No Attention! No Failure! No Danger!
A Child May Use It!
Prepared in One Minute. Lights Instantly.
Full Directions and Testimonials with each Lighter. May be had from Ironmongers and General Dealers; or direct from the Inventors, carriage paid, in 6d. and 1s. packets, 12 stamps.
H. F. TAILBYNE & CO.,
BARNSLEY, YORKS.

EPILEPTIC FI
CURE
CHARGE
COCHRANE
Bankers, London and Westminst

MERELY THE TRUTH.

FRAZER'S SULPHUR TABLETS

TEST THEM BEFORE YOU BUY.

They have merits.
They have incomparable.
They [illegible] the free samples.
It is not enough to say they sometimes fail.
So indeed every system in the world is condemned.
They are of human produce and therefore fallible.
The real points are:—
Do they cure diseases of the blood and skin in the majority of instances? Undoubtedly they do.
Do they confer relief, assuage pain, and benefit the general health, even when they do not cure? Invariably, yes.
Do they by antiseptic influence in the blood ward off fevers, cholera, small-pox, and more, if not all, other infectious and contagious diseases? They do.
Do they undo the effect of a chill or congestion by bringing about a normal condition of health? Yes; they loosen and disperse the congestion.
Do they permeate the blood so thoroughly so that bacilli and germs cannot multiply and the growth of disease is checked? Yes, they do.
Do they act as a natural, healthy laxative, rendering them especially valuable to women and children, and to men of sedentary habits of life or business? Yes, by tonic action only.
Do they free the inner skin pores and follicles from taint, clearing off eruptions, and improving the complexion? They do.
Do they frequently succeed when other much more powerful and complex medicines fail? They do.
Should they be despised because they are simple? Remember the simple constant dripping of a drop of water will wear away the hardest stone.
Is their property of positive safety to be disregarded? Do not forget they have no cumulative power of injury.
Does their palatable taste render them pre-eminently a family medicine? Yes, for neither must not stomach rebels against them, and children like them.
Are they the best of all blood purifiers and the most valuable of all spring cleansing medicines? Yes, they are.

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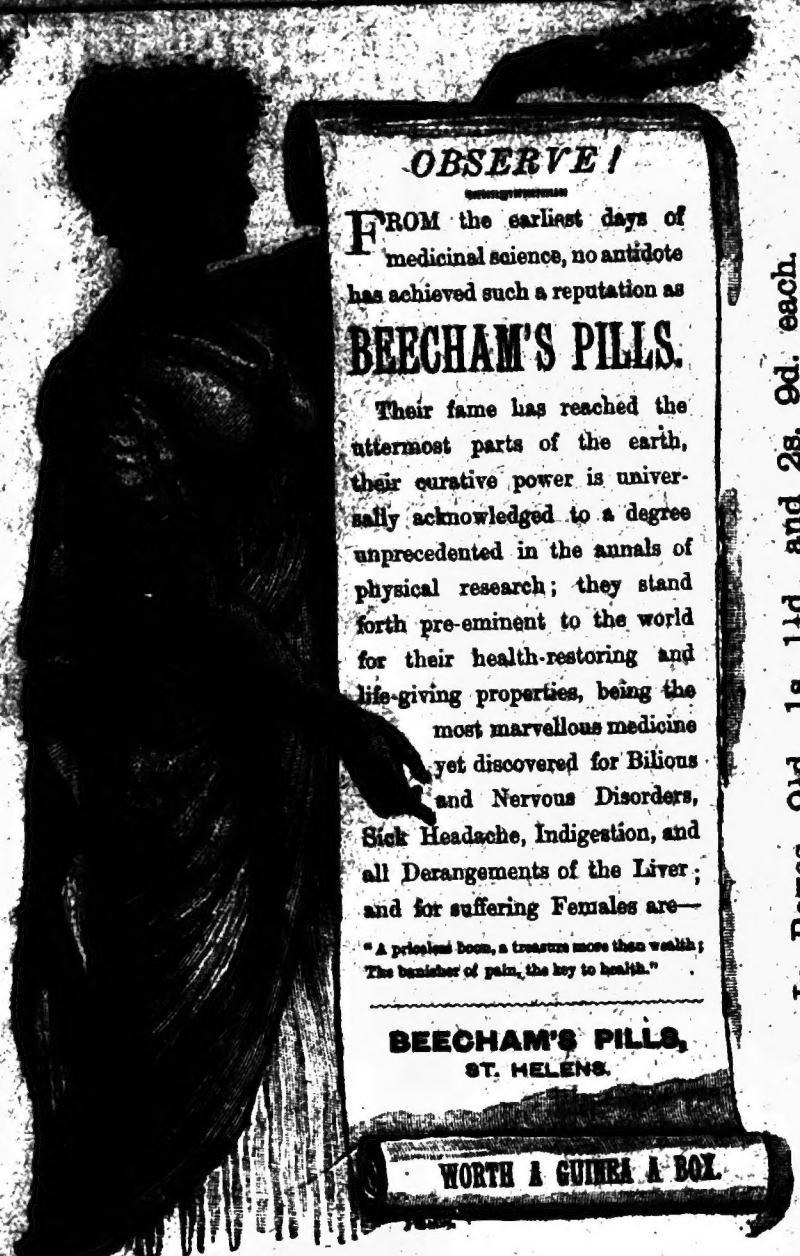

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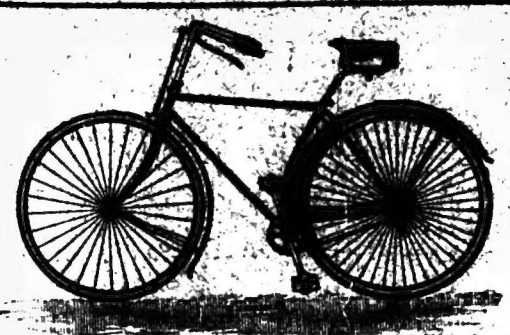

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